The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1898.

The Week.

The new Cuban tariff which is to go into force on January 1 appears, so far as can be judged by the abstract published, to be honestly and intelligently drafted in order to meet its professed purposes. These are, in the first place, of course, to raise sufficient revenue; then to afford Cubans every advantage possible in the struggle to restore their prostrate agriculture. This end is aimed at by putting agricultural implements and cattle on the free list, and by reducing the rates on "alimentary substances" to an average of about 25 per cent. ad valorem. If, in addition to these great reductions in customs duties, steps are taken, as they should be, to modify or repeal the onerous system of internal taxes under which all Cuban industries and professions have groaned for so many years, the fiscal emancipation of the island will have been well begun.

Spain announces that she will pay the January coupon of the Cuban debt, and hopes to make equitable arrangements with the bondholders to discharge or fund the whole. The Minister of Finance cheerfully forecasts a great revival of industry and commerce within the Peninsula, now that the long agony of insurrection and war is over. This is not, or need not be, mere boasting. It is the belief not simply of Spanish politicians but of Spanish business men as well. The meeting of delegates from Spanish chambers of commerce, held at Saragossa last month, thirty-three out of thirty-five being represented, expressed every confidence in the recuperative forces of the nation, counting upon "the resources of the soil, and upon the laborious and thrifty habits of the middle and lower classes." It was also the belief of this gathering of representative business men of Spain that the country would gain, in the end, by ridding itself of colonies of which the "ingratitude had been more than demonstrated, and which had cost Spain more than they were worth, in every point of view."

The plans for an increase of the army which were laid before the House committee on military affairs last week are more portentous in what they imply in the future than in what they call for at present. Briefly, they call for an army of 100,000 men, but the statement which Gen. Corbin made indicates that this number will not be nearly sufficient. The first requirement is 50,000 men to restore and maintain order in Cuba. This is the number estimated to be necessary by our officers now in the island. They may not all be needed there, but they must be in readiness somewhere. As to the Philippines, said Gen. Corbin, Gen. Otis, now in command there, has reported that 25,000 men would be needed. In Porto Rico, it was believed that the 6,000 men now in the service there would be sufficient. The estimated requirement, therefore, on the lowest scale of safety, was 81,000 men for foreign service, leaving a smaller army for home service than we had before the war with Spain, and making no allowance whatever for Hawaii. Our customary force since the end of the civil war has been 25,000 men. When the fortification bill was passed, there was a slight addition made to the artillery arm, and this was thought by the department too small for the efficient operation of the service. In short, 30,000 men were deemed by good authorities requisite for the protection of the frontier and of the seacoast, for Alaska, and for internal police duty of the kind rendered when President Debs took charge of all the railroads entering Chicago.

Two questions connected with the subject press for an immediate answer, viz., how are men to be obtained? and how are they to be paid and maintained? The horrors of service in tropical countries have been experienced, and painted in such colors that recruits cannot be obtained in anything like the required number at the wages of $13 per month. The pay was raised 20 per cent. for the limited period of the war with Spain. The increase will terminate when the treaty of peace is signed. Of course, Congress will renew it for those who are to serve in the tropical countries, and probably for all, as all will be liable to such service. But is very improbable that an increase of 20 per cent. will bring volunteers for service in the Philippines or in the West Indies. It is more likely that 50 per cent. increase of pay will be required. Congress would not dare to resort to conscription to obtain soldiers to fight Cuban bushwhackers or Aguinaldo's Malays on the other side of the Pacific. No member of Congress could keep his seat after voting for such a measure. Therefore, the raising of the army to 100,000 men is a question of money entirely, and it remains to be seen what amount of money will tempt men to brave the climatic perils of our new possessions and responsibilities. The pay of 100,000 men at $13 per month is $15,600,000 per year. An increase of the pay by only 20 per cent. brings it to $18,700,000, which is within $6,000,000 of the entire cost of the military establishment before the war with Spain. What will be the cost of the total establishment on the new basis of 100,000 men, of whom 81,000 are to serve at a greater or less distance from the United States? It can hardly be less than $150,000,000. The war with Spain did not cost much more. It is now proposed to add to the annual expenses of the nation for governing her colonies a sum nearly as large as we paid for the privilege of fighting her. The more we look at it, the more we think that she has the best of the bargain in the outcome of the Paris conference.

We like Senator Hanna's straightforward method of coming promptly to the front with his bill for ship subsidies. It interprets expansion by one who knows it, and has worked it, from the inside. It reduces humanity and glory to terms of cold cash. Next to the President, if, indeed, not in advance of him, Mr. Hanna has known more about the promptings of Duty and Destiny than any other man; and now he clears up all doubt about the nature and operation of those mysterious entities. With characteristic bluntness, Senator Hanna lets the country see that Duty means a grant of public money for him and his associates, and that Destiny means subsidies, charters, concessions, contracts, commissions, canals, railways, docks, mines, plantations—all for those who first saw the possibilities of the glory-crowned heights, and then persuaded President McKinley to mount, of course with great "reluctance," to a place by their side. What makes Senator Hanna's subsidy bill particularly unblushing in its impudence is the fact that now, if ever in all our history, American shipping is beyond the need of governmental aid of any kind. The stock argument has been for years that our shipbuilders needed subsidies because we could not build iron ships as cheaply as England. But we have notoriously changed all that. We can now underbid the world in iron and steel products. Did not an American ship sail into the Clyde only the other day, with a thousand tons of American ships' plates on board, under consignment to English builders? Did not our noble President only on Monday allude to this fact in triumph? Hanna must have bit his lips, we admit, over the President's "break."

The refusal of the House last week to take up the bill for the further restriction of immigration probably signifies its ultimate failure. The measure has lost ground ever since it passed both branches of Congress by large majorities in the last days of Cleveland's second administration and was blocked by his veto. The marked decline in the number of immigrants coming to

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this country of late years, and the failure of better times as yet to swell the tide materially, have rendered rather ridiculous the old alarm lest the nation should be swamped by these newcomers from Europe. The war with Spain and its results have also served to weaken the agitation for restriction. Here we are taking under our care many millions of most ignorant people in distant quarters of the globe, and confident that we can "carry the blessings of civilization" to hordes of barbarians, and yet the agitators would have us believe that we cannot admit a few scores of thousands of uneducated Europeans a year without being ruined. It is a little too much for a "nation of seventy millions of people" to make such a humiliating confession as this.

Senator Turpie made a strong argument last week against Senator Morgan's Nicaragua Canal bill. Premising that he (Turpie) was in favor of a canal, to be owned by the United States, he proceeded to dissect the pending measure, in order to find out where the ownership would finally lodge. The Morgan bill is based on the concession granted by Nicaragua to the Maritime Canal Company. This charter provides, in the second article, that the canal shall not be transferred to any government or foreign public Power. This is the first obstacle to ownership by the United States. The fifty-fourth article provides that, at the expiration of ninety-nine years, the canal shall become the absolute property of the republic of Nicaragua, without any compensation whatever to the company. Provision is made, however, that the republic of Nicaragua shall lease the canal to the company for ninety-nine years more, at a rental of 25 per cent. of the net earnings. At the expiration of the second term of ninety-nine years, the canal is to belong to Nicaragua without either compensation or renewal of lease. This does not look much like a canal owned by the United States, nor does the charter contain any provision by which such ownership can ever be acquired. The question whether the Maritime Company's charter was forfeited, or would be forfeited next October, was one to be determined, not by the United States Congress or Government, but by a court of arbitration, expressly provided for in the charter itself. No action taken by us could alter that fact or influence the decision of the tribunal. Mr. Turpie denied the constitutionality of the pending bill proposing to give a Government guarantee to the bonds of a private corporation. No such thing had ever been done or dreamed of before, and no warrant for it could be found anywhere. The speech seems to have had a rather sobering effect on Morgan himself, for he made no reply to Turpie's arguments, but addressed himself to the unbecoming behavior of W. R. Grace, and to the rights of the republic of Costa Rica, and other side issues.

Economy is one of those "parochial questions" that are too insignificant for consideration by a great nation which is "expanding." Washington observers report that one notable feature of the expansion propaganda is the contempt everywhere expressed for the idea of keeping the running expenses of the Government down to moderate figures. As a dispatch to the Boston *Advertiser* puts it, "In the face of the tremendous increase of expenses incident to the subjugation of our new acquisitions, it seems too laughable to have an eye on the expenses at home"; and the prediction is made that "the budget for next year will fairly take the breath out of people who have not been expanded into the new view of things." It has been increasingly difficult for some years to secure frugality in administrative expenses, and those who advocate economy will stand no chance of getting attention hereafter. What is a little matter of an additional twenty-five, fifty, or even a hundred millions of dollars a year to "a nation of seventy millions of people"?

Mr. Bryan, on the occasion of his retirement from the military service, puts himself in the forefront of the battle against imperialism, expansion, proconsular government, and the whole McKinley programme of dealing with the results of the war. In this he is substantially right, and we shall welcome his aid as we should that of any other man of influence, whatever we may deem his errors in other matters of national concern. Very likely he hopes to lead the Democratic party on this issue in the next national campaign. But this he will hardly be able to do, since the great mass of the anti-expansionists in the Eastern States of Independent or Republican leanings would fear to cast their votes for him lest they should contribute to a revival of the silver craze. Moreover, the Eastern Democrats themselves would hesitate to follow Mr. Bryan even on a platform that was silent on the money question. The only difficulty that the case presents is that of finding a candidate of sufficient prominence to take Mr. Bryan's place. Mr. Bryan's deliverance will perhaps exercise some influence on those Democrats in the Senate who are still wavering, and have not made up their minds whether to join the imperialist procession or not.

A nonsensical idea is afloat in the newspapers importing that the President is embarrassed to find a person suitable to fill the position of Ambassador to Great Britain, as possessing both the intellectual equipment for the place and a large fortune besides. Probably this notion was conceived by some candidate who has a larger stock of the latter than of the former qualifications, and whose imposing dinners are his principal distinction. It is, perhaps, worth while to show what a flimsy basis this vulgar idea rests upon. The truth is, that not one of our Ministers to England in recent years has been a man of any considerable means, unless possibly Mr. Hay may be so considered. Going back to the time of Charles Francis Adams, who are the men that can be recalled as having shed lustre on the office? The names of Motley, Lowell, Phelps, and Bayard are the ones most readily recalled, none of whom was a rich man. Besides these were Reverdy Johnson, Robert C. Schenck, Edwards Pierrepont, William Welch, and Robert Lincoln, not one of whom could be accounted a rich man. Hence the latter-day conception that somebody ought to be appointed Ambassador to Great Britain on account of his dollars, or that some other man should not be appointed because of his lack of dollars, is as baseless as it is grovelling and un-American.

The remarkable silence about the successor whom the new Legislature of this State is to elect to Mr. Murphy in the United States Senate continues, though the assembling of the Legislature is only ten days away. Scarcely a word on the subject is heard in any quarter. Many columns are devoted in the newspapers daily to speculation and gossip and views about Gov. Roosevelt's appointments, but the reporters are not able to find anybody who has anything to say about the senatorship. Is Mr. Root still a candidate? Is Mr. Depew "sure" of getting the place? Has Mr. Odell decided that, after all, he may be able to accept it? Mr. Platt comes and goes, holds long consultations with the new Governor, decides upon the organization of the new Legislature, but says not a word, apparently, about the senatorship. As for the Republican members of the Legislature, if one of them has a candidate in mind for whom he wishes to vote, he has kept the name a profound secret. Was there ever before such a dense silence as this on the eve of the election of a United States Senator in any State? It seems to show that, however the Old Man may be faring in his efforts to have a voice in the appointments of the new Governor, he has the senatorship completely in his own hands. Whoever gets that office will receive it as a direct personal gift from the boss.

It is not surprising that Senator Quay desired to have his trial postponed till after District Attorney Graham's term had expired. The language which Mr. Graham uses in his formal answer, filed

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in court on Monday, is the most unpleasant ever directed against a United States Senator, and the most extraordinary on that account in the court annals of this country. What could be more merciless as well as more terrifying than the following about the records of the People's Bank:

"The books show that hundreds of thousands of dollars of public money deposited in the People's Bank were set apart for the use of M. S. Quay, and used by him; and that he was charged no interest thereon. The books show that hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of stocks were bought for M. S. Quay with this money. That whenever he failed to use his full allowance of public money thus set apart for him, interest was carefully calculated upon the balance not used by him in the purchase of stocks, and paid to the State Treasurer."

Well may the retiring District Attorney say that he would have failed in his duty had he not proceeded against Quay under such circumstances, and, outside of Pennsylvania, it would seem to be needless for him to say that he "has no other purpose than that of bringing to justice persons who, the respondent believes, have persistently violated the laws of the commonwealth, and used the public moneys of the State as though they were part of their own private property." His rebuke to the court which granted the stay that enabled Quay to say that the "damned case is over," is equally forcible and just, for it was indeed a proceeding which "interrupted the regular and orderly progress of the administration of justice in the lower courts, and was calculated to do irreparable injury, and to make it impossible to successfully prosecute persons of wealth and power."

When trouble arose in Illinois over the "importation" of colored laborers from Alabama to take the places of white strikers in coal-mines, the New Orleans *Picayune* predicted that similar difficulties would arise in other Northern States from the readiness of black men to work for lower wages than whites, and the temptation for employers to save money by hiring the cheaper class. West Virginia is not in the North, but it has a smaller percentage of negroes in its population than any other commonwealth south of the Potomac, and its conditions approach more nearly to those of Pennsylvania and Ohio than to the state of things among its Southern neighbors. Trouble has now arisen in West Virginia over the importation of negro miners. The operators in the Kanawha district, claiming that more men are needed than are now employed or can be secured in the State, recently sent an agent to Richmond to hire Virginia negroes, and two carloads have already arrived. As might have been expected, the white miners do not like the prospect of competition from the negroes, and the President of the State organization of the United Mine-Workers has appealed to Gov. Atkinson to stop further importation of such laborers. Gov. Atkinson has shown that he is not "up to date." He weakly replied that there was no law to prevent the coming or bringing of workingmen from other States, and that consequently he could do nothing in the premises. This official actually seems to think that the duty of an Executive is to enforce the laws—and only such laws as have been already enacted. What a slow-going old fogy Atkinson must seem to Tanner!

After the Populists were badly beaten at the November election, the people of Kansas congratulated themselves that they had practically done with that party, as it could do little further harm in the few remaining weeks of Gov. Leedy's administration. But they did not make due allowance for the mischief-making character of the average Populist official. Although the present Populist Legislature must expire by constitutional limitation within a fortnight, and no interest of the State requires the immediate meeting of this dying body when the regular session of a new Republican Legislature is at hand, Gov. Leedy last week issued a proclamation convening these discredited members on the 21st of December, to pass various measures favored by the defeated Populist party. The chief object nominally aimed at is the passage of "suitable legislation for the regulation of railroad charges," and in his proclamation the Governor professes to have assurances that such legislation can be secured. This is the most impudent performance in the whole history of the Populist party, and justifies the general indignation which it has caused outside the little band of leaders who are responsible for it. The Legislature has been repudiated not only by the people of Kansas, but also by the Populists themselves, who defeated the renomination of almost every representative from that party. A large number of these members have been morally convicted of bribe-giving and bribe-taking, upon the sworn testimony of many of their fellow-members.

The harsh treatment which one of our most eminent local statesmen, the Hon. Mike Dady of Brooklyn, has experienced in Cuba is likely to convince him and other enthusiastic expansionists that our new possessions are in danger of being closed to real enterprise. Mike, being out of a job in these parts, because of the dominance of political influences with which he is not in sympathy, turned his eyes to Havana soon after Spain lost possession of Cuba, and began to examine it as a field for "plums." He established friendly relations with the expiring autonomist Council in Havana, and on Friday last induced it to award him a $12,000,000 contract for a sewer system of the city. Mike went to bed that night the most jubilant expansionist the world has yet seen. But on Monday Gen. Clous, of the American Commission in Cuba, called the attention of the head of the expiring government, Gen. Castellanos, to the Dady contract, convincing him so thoroughly of its hasty and ill-considered character that he decided at once to order the Council to annul it, which it must do. He has also decided to issue a general prohibition against all such acts during the remaining days of the Council, which expires on January 1. Now, we should like to ask, in the name of all the Mikes, What kind of expansion do you call this?

Sir William Harcourt has resigned the Liberal leadership in England. Sir William is a charming man, but only when he pleases. His defects of manner are among the most notorious things in his career. They have been the one impediment to his success in public life. He is an incomparable debater, both on the stump and in the House. Men of all parties in the House are delighted when he rises with hostile intent, and cheers from all quarters are sure to greet the play of his bludgeon. His talents as a constructive legislator are also of a very high order. They were, perhaps, a little obscured in Gladstone's lifetime by Gladstone's still greater talents in the same direction; but his exploit, after Gladstone's disappearance, in drafting and passing by a very small majority the death-duties bill, in spite of frantic Tory opposition, is justly considered one of the greatest parliamentary feats of the century. Much as they have complained of it, the Conservatives, great as is their strength, have never ventured to disturb it. He is, in fact, a first-rate parliamentary leader as far as ability to lead goes. But, ever since Lord Rosebery resigned, in 1895, when Sir William assumed the first place in the party, the latter has suffered from a trouble that dates back to 1874, when, rightly or wrongly, he is believed to have wavered a little between Gladstone and Disraeli. This little rift in his lute was widened during the home-rule agitation. People never thoroughly believed in Sir William's conversion. His home-rule speeches always had a perfunctory sound, and his private conversation did nothing to put fire into them. Under his leadership, home rule as an article of the Liberal creed became very languid, and in politics no party likes to seem to hold anything languidly. He was too much of an Englishman ever to win the Irish even by pretence. Nothing else was substituted that was calculated to stir the Liberal blood. The trouble about manners, too, began in Gladstone's day. It reached a savage point with Lord Rosebery, both in Gladstone's cabinet and after he had succeeded to the leadership. The two men have not spoken to each other for several years.

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MEMORANDA.

The treaty has been signed by the Spaniards, and our Peace Commissioners are bringing it home for ratification by the Senate. The wretched man who spread the report that they were coming home in an English or German or anything but an "American" steamer, we shall deal with later. We presume the treaty is now "sure to pass," and that anything that can be done or will be done hereafter in opposition to expansion will be done by some alteration of its provisions. But before it is finally laid away in our archives as the "supreme law of the land," we may be allowed to say a word of what is passing in the minds, and has taken root in the memories, of a comparatively small, but absolutely large, number of Americans who love their country but have "got left." They also are entitled to some record.

In the first place, they wish that the person who, before the war began, received a private letter of the Spanish Ambassador in Washington, knowing it to have been stolen from the mails, and, instead of returning it to the writer as soon as he ascertained his name, with his compliments, read it through, and then proceeded to use its contents for the injury of the writer, had been William McKinley of Canton, Ohio, and not William McKinley of the United States. Why they wish this, we need not explain.

In the next place, they wish that after Sagasta had acceded on paper to the first demands of William McKinley of the United States, and William McKinley had expressed his satisfaction with his answer, his cordial sympathy with the difficulties of his position, and his desire to aid him in his "herculean task," and, then, at the end of three months, informed Congress that he "had exhausted his powers," and encouraged Congress to slaughter Spaniards and destroy their property—they wish, we say, that he had informed Congress, as the representatives of a free people, how he had "exhausted his powers," considering that the "exhaustion" was to have such fearful consequences.

In the third place, they wish, since the terms of peace with the Spaniards were settled unalterably before the Commissioners left Washington, that they could have been then and there set on paper and transmitted to Madrid, or other appointed place, for simple acceptance. They wish this in order to have saved the Spaniards the humiliation and anguish of sitting two months at a table in front of the Americans, to hear from their conquerors the well-known story of their helplessness and of the unimportance of any wishes they might express. There was, to this portion of the public, an unhappy resemblance between the sessions of the commission and a cat playing with a mouse. The wretched Spaniards were kept there simply that their victors might see them kick and squeal. The Hon. Whitelaw Reid was every day telegraphing to his paper how "firm" the American Commissioners were, and how badly the Spaniards felt, in characteristic ignorance of how it all looked to people who loved honor more than a good bargain. We find in the Century Dictionary that "negotiation" means "mutual discussion and arrangement of the terms of a transaction or agreement." There was no such negotiation in Paris. There was simply the communication, by a conqueror, to a most miserable vanquished and impoverished man, of the terms on which he could save a portion of his clothing and his life.

Finally, the fantastical people aforesaid wish to put on record an expression of their regret that a "war for humanity," which is, of course, a necessary war, should have been made an instrumentality for diffusing through the country, and even for having shouted from the pulpit, proclaimed from the universities, and talked by "honorable women not a few," the doctrine that any war that the class of men who carry on politics at Washington chooses to bring on, must be good for the character of any young man who shoulders a musket in it. Worse still—that a young man who follows an honest industry, to support his family and provide for his old age, declines morally if he does not, at some period in his life, take arms and kill somebody at the command of the politicians aforesaid.

Eighteen hundred years ago, or thereabouts, a pagan Roman jurist said that to do justly and be a good citizen was to live honestly, to give every one his due, and to injure no man. The Jewish moralist, long before Christ, expanded this into doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God. But, 1900 years after Christ, it has been discovered in America, of all countries in the world, that more than this is necessary; that a young man's moral nature deteriorates if, in addition to earning an honest livelihood and meeting all the responsibilities of civil life, he does not take arms once in a while and kill anybody that Morgan or Gorman or Platt or Hanna points out to him. All this must be said now, so that the future historian may not suppose that — at this tremendous crisis in the nation's life — honor and justice were left without witnesses, and that we all supposed it was the bullies and not the meek who are to inherit the earth.

A NEW KIND OF MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP.

The number of things, in the way of comfort and convenience, which are being supplied to the inhabitants of cities every day, is so great, and they owe their possibility so much to the fact that a large population is concentrated in one place, that the attention of municipal reformers has long been occupied with the question who should own them. As a general rule, if private individuals own them they insist on being protected, by a monopoly, against competition. But they are no sooner protected by a monopoly than the citizens are exposed to disregard of their wishes, exorbitant charges, and, above all, indifference to improvement in methods or in service. The private individual or corporation is concerned in the main about profits; he has no motive for improvement except a prospect of increased profits. Consequently, however popular he may have been when he first introduced his convenience, he becomes before long very unpopular, on account of his unwillingness to "progress"—that is, to give the public more than he originally bargained for. Finding public opinion pressing on him, he then, at least in American cities, takes refuge in corrupt alliances with the city authorities, who protect him solely on condition of sharing his gains. In the majority of American cities this is very much the state of things to-day. In fact, there are but few cities in which the principal source and proof of municipal corruption are not furnished by the relation of the municipal government with corporations that find the city to be the most profitable place in which to carry on their business. In this city most of the money by which State and city politics are debauched is notoriously furnished by corporations which do really supply the inhabitants with some great convenience of life.

These evils are very well known and incessantly discussed. Two years ago Massachusetts sent a commission to Europe to see how they dealt with the matter there. England was of course the only country which could furnish us with much useful information. In the Continental countries the central authority plays a far more prominent part in municipal affairs than it does with us, doubtless to the advantage of the bodies of the citizens, but not to that of their character. Nothing can compensate in a free country for the absence of complete local government. We believe the commission discovered in England that the favorite remedy was municipal ownership, and that it had worked very well—that is, the possession and operation by the city of such things as water supply, gas, and street railroads. London furnishes probably the most flagrant example in the civilized world of the inconvenience of the private ownership of such things, in the possession of its water supply by private companies.

But the stories of our municipal corruption are so widespread in Europe that the opinion seemed generally held in England, and was expressed as politely as possible, that a system that

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might do for them would not do for us, owing to the difference in the character of our municipal authorities. In fact, in America we can hardly be said to have municipal authorities to turn to from the corporations, as, if we enter the municipal halls in search of relief, we are apt to find the corporations seated in close divan with the various bosses. Some reformers have tried to cheer us by assuring us, under instructions from the new "political science," that if the city owned gas and water and railroads, a new spirit would enter into the officers who administered them, who would undergo something like the process known among evangelicals as a "conversion," and cease to "knock down fares," or levy blackmail on the taxpayer, or "sass" him when he asked for information. This furnished so much merriment, however, at evening meetings of drivers and conductors, that it naturally made little impression on the general public.

An entirely new plan has, however, been struck out by a public-spirited citizen of Indianapolis, which is described in the last number of the *American Journal of Sociology*, published in Chicago, and is very interesting. It was suggested to him by a successful attempt to resist extortion on the part of a corporation which supplied the city with natural gas from wells at some distance. He—a certain Mr. Potts—went about and raised among the citizens $500,000, in shares of $25 each. On this a charter was obtained from the city, and the company thus formed supplied the gas at reasonable rates, saving to the consumers over a million a year. In fact, the plan has, by general consent, worked so successfully that it is proposed to apply it to other works "affected," as the courts say, "with a public use."

But what is this, it will be said, but an ordinary corporation, with the ordinary temptations? It differs in this: the stock is not salable; the trustees serve without pay. Here is a part of Mr. Forrest's account of it in the *Journal of Sociology*:

"The trustees serve without compensation. The board appointed in the beginning by the articles of incorporation is almost certain to be composed of reliable men. Their terms are not limited in the case of the Gas Trust, but it may seem more desirable to have a certain number of the trustees go out of office at stated intervals in order to bring new ideas in, and to prevent the whole board from growing too old. The board fills vacancies in its own body. It is, therefore, not under the control of stockholders, nor of the political authorities, though it may be controlled by a legal process if there is evidence of corruption or mismanagement. The organization is thus seen to be similar to that of our best universities. The means of public control must be found in public opinion, which needs to be aroused only when friction occurs. But since the trustees can derive no pecuniary advantage from the management of the concern, they must serve from the social motive, and may be expected to regard their trusts."

THE FRENCH TROUBLES.

It is unfortunate, but it is true, that when we speak of the temper of the French nation at the present moment, we must mean simply its temper as revealed by its visible exponents — the Chambers, the press, the army and navy. The great bulk of the population of France is undoubtedly industrious and thrifty and peace-loving. It goes about its daily business with no thought either of glory or revenge. But, as is the case with the similar classes in all modern democracies, this hard-working but inarticulate body of French peasants and artisans has very little to do with the government, least of all with questions of foreign policy. These are the province of upstart politicians, bent on winning fame by some great stroke, of a press which is too largely either venal or reckless, and of professional military men. It is hard, indeed, to get at the real sentiment of the French nation when you have first to run the gauntlet of all these self-appointed guardians of the national honor. Salisbury is plausibly thought to have tried to do it by setting up Sir Edmund Monson to speak directly to the French people instead of to their official representatives; but his success is as yet problematical.

The alliance of a vitriolic press with an inflammable Chamber is not, perhaps, clearly enough perceived by most outside observers. In fact, the two excite and feed each other's passions. The alliance, in truth, extends almost to identity. There are thirty-two professional journalists who are also members of the Chamber of Deputies; about as many more having an "occasional" or irregular connection with the press also have seats in that body. One sees how easy it is, under such circumstances, for the Chamber to respond to the intelligent demands of the nation as expressed through the great newspaper organs of public opinion. The editors who shriek in italics and the Deputies who thunder from the tribune are one and the same. And what a chivalrous and high-minded set they are, some recent incidents show. One of the editors of *Le Jour* fought a duel lately with a lawyer, M. Morel, whom he wounded. The next day this soul of honor and humanity wrote as follows in his own paper: "We are happy to learn that M. Morel's wound is more serious than was thought. Complicated by a bad state of health, there is every reason to hope that this wound will make an end of him" *(aura des suites)*.

The same savage ferocity which thus animates French editors in their private quarrels, too often moves their pens when they write of international differences. Thus, the *Petit Journal*, the most widely circulated newspaper in France if not in the world, charged on November 1 that the "treacherous English" had "got up" the Armenian troubles, had "originated the whole Dreyfus affair," and had gone the length in Uganda of "provoking massacres of their own missionaries in order to acquire thereby the right of annihilating the whole aboriginal race." "These," it added, "are but a few of the horrors perpetrated by these civilizing shopkeepers." A few days later the *Patrie* argued that British foreign policy was simply "systematized assassination." And here are some of its proofs:

"The Czar Paul I. discussed with Napoleon a plan for invading India. He died by the hand of an assassin. Radama, King of Madagascar, asked for the protectorate of France. He was assassinated. M. Lambert, Consul of France at Aden, wished to create a French settlement on the coast of Arabia, on the route to India. He was assassinated; and when his assassins, wretched natives, were searched, their pockets were found to be full of English *guineas!*"

To such frantic terrorism exercised by the press in France we have to add the military reign of terror—for such it is hardly too much to call it. Listen to Gen. Mercier, speaking at a banquet in Paris the other evening. He was Minister of War when Dreyfus was condemned. Addressing 600 army officers, he said that France would be estimated abroad by the foreigner "according to what her army is." "We do not wish to be men of discussion," said the oratorical General, but "we know that at the very moment when the Turkish army was forcing the ramparts of Constantinople, the self-styled 'intellectuals' of the capital were passionately discussing theological subtleties." France was now passing through "an acute crisis of intellectual Byzantinism." But "we men of action" must keep ourselves in a condition to "fight and beat our Turks under whatever form they present themselves." Is it any wonder, with the army hurling such firebrands, that the *Spectator* predicts a military revolution in France?

The French are proud of their army and of land victories, but, as Bismarck acutely remarked, they are all the more desirous to win naval victories from the fact that they have never been able to point to any fair offset to Dominica, Aboukir Bay, or Trafalgar. Hence it was a source of the keenest national humiliation that, when it came to measuring up fleets with England, they found it better to retreat from Fashoda than to fight. M. Delcassé had flatly told Salisbury that France could not stand an ultimatum. "Who, knowing France, could doubt what her answer would be?" But the ultimatum had to be swallowed, because it was found that the English fleet would simply overwhelm the French, even with the Russian thrown in. Still, the French naval experts have been getting a good deal of comfort out of their theorizings about a naval war with England. They admit that their own ships could not keep the sea, but they are sure the war would be a great disappointment to the British

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public. There would be no great spectacles, no lovely hells of death and destruction, for the French navy would deliberately bottle itself up, and the British men-of-war could do nothing except the humdrum work of blockading, with now and then an ineffective bombardment thrown in or the seizure of some French colonial possession flung as a scrap to the English hunger for naval glory. The war would be very dull, says a naval writer in the *Débats*, and a dull naval war is intolerable. But the editor of the *Débats*, one of the few rational newspapers of Paris, arrives at the juster conclusion, which his countrymen would do well to accept:

"A war between France and England would be a calamity for both countries. Neither the one nor the other would have anything to gain, and the losses caused would be incalculable. It would end in the exhaustion of the two belligerents without either having succeeded in dealing one of those great blows which render resistance impossible. Let us, then, settle our colonial differences in that spirit of justice which should always preside over the relations of two great peoples, and, above all, avoid those explosions of Chauvinism or Jingoism which compromise the peace of the world."

CHIPS OF GREAT WORKMEN.

We have been almost deluged in the past few weeks with reprints of suppressed, or rare, or hitherto unknown writings of authors, great and small. W. M. Rossetti, for example, has begun a diligent sweeping of his brother Dante Gabriel's portfolios and writing-desk, and has set about publishing the scraps he has been able to find—the rough drafts, the trifles, the burlesques, the notes and memoranda. Some of these, it appears, are not so absolutely novel as Mr. Rossetti declares. One fragment of which he speaks as a notable discovery, he had forgotten that he had already included in the 1886 edition of his brother's writings, with remarks then upon its novelty and its significance. There seems to be no reason why, after ten years more, the same thing should not be again sold to a confiding magazine editor as absolutely *inédit*.

That new things of Thackeray's should also have turned up is, in one sense, not so surprising, in another sense more so. Thackeray served long and hard years of literary apprenticeship, and it would be strange indeed if some prowler could not find fugitive writings of his, dating from that period of his life, which had never been republished—which, indeed, Thackeray would have wished never to be republished. Mrs. Ritchie has dug up out of *Punch* some contributions of her father's not before known as his, and has included them in the "Biographical Edition" of his works which she is editing. To tell the truth, she has included some things which Thackeray did not, in fact, write. Mr. Spielmann, the great *Punch* authority, has proved this to be so. But the undoubtedly genuine Thackerayana thus resuscitated might, for the most part, have been left in their kindly grave, so far as adding anything to their author's reputation is concerned. If Thackeray, or his editor, or his public thought them witty, so much the worse for them. That any separate, even if privately printed, publications of Thackeray's should have escaped the collector's fine-toothed comb down to the present year is, however, more startling. Yet this is what has occurred. Two little plays of his, "King Glumpus" and "The Exquisites," unknown to either Mrs. Ritchie or Leslie Stephen, have only now turned up and fallen into the rapacious maw of an American collector.

Stevenson's unconsidered trifles have been earlier in getting to market. This is, perhaps, only Scotch thrift, considering the unsettled question how long their author's reputation is likely to endure. *Les morts vont vite*, and if the next generation ceases to care very much even for Stevenson at work, it is probable that its interest in "Stevenson at Play" will be very languid indeed. But the great find of the year, in this sort, is a volume of poetry, partly written by Shelley, and of which the existence was only suspected until an actual copy came to light a few months ago. Now here, at any rate, is a case where we have a writer of uncontested excellence, whose lyrical gift and product will be, unquestionably, of high interest to students and lovers of English literature as long as there shall be an English literature. Hence the publication of 'Original Poems by Victor and Cazire' ("Victor" being Percy Bysshe Shelley and "Cazire" his sister Elizabeth) furnishes a kind of touchstone by which the whole question of collecting and preserving the chips of great workmen, so to speak, may be tried.

Passing by the suggestion that a generation absorbed in reprints of the departed great argues in the act its own literary barrenness, what are we to say of the practice of rescuing from the dust-heap productions of famous writers which they, as was the case with these immature verses of Shelley, deliberately suppressed, and apparently hoped, for their fame, might never be known? Well, the answer seems to us to depend upon the question whether the particular author is great enough to merit, and to endure, the process. These unearthed verses by the boy Shelley are sorry stuff enough, all competent critics agree. But, as it has been said, great poets must pay the penalty of their greatness in the form of alms to curiosity. We desire, we are entitled, to know all that can be learned of their discovery of themselves, of their blossoming genius, of their perfecting themselves in technique. The case is admirably, and, we think, unanswerably put by a weighty critic:

"If Shelley had had to decide whether all his works should be abandoned to oblivion, or the best of them should be so highly prized as to make all his worst sins, literary and other, an object of interest, he could not have done otherwise than choose the second alternative. The twentieth century will probably produce some monumental biography of the greatest lyric poet of the nineteenth; and it will not be done till all the outlying rubbish connected with his life has been sifted and resifted, passed out of individual remembrance, and the net result built into some stately fabric making no account of rubbish. Those who twit Dr. Garnett with doing Shelley a disservice by godfathering 'Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire' are looking at the matter too narrowly. It had to be reprinted; and Dr. Garnett was the right person to explain the whole episode. The 'Victor and Cazire' incident will be dealt with in that monumental biography of the twentieth century; a generation or two of Shelley students must learn all about the book and its *entourage;* and if they are not thankful for what Dr. Garnett has done, God forgive them for their ingratitude!"

This, it seems to us, is what the whole thing comes down to. If a writer is one whose study is of supreme interest, then no trifle concerning him can be neglected, no smallest scrap or remnant of him is too petty to deserve scrutiny or to warrant bringing to the light. If anybody finds the rough draft of the Prologue to the "Canterbury Tales," or Shakspere's first sketch of "Hamlet," in Heaven's name let him get it into type with all speed. But as for the secondary scribblings of secondary men, the very shards and scoriæ of the literary rubbish heap, let the man who drags them from their friendly oblivion beware lest there light on his head the curse which Sainte-Beuve pronounced upon the needless disturber of the dust on manuscripts which it is a toil to decipher and almost a crime to publish.

GERHART HAUPTMANN'S LATEST DRAMA.

CAMBRIDGE, December 12, 1898.

After the appearance of Gerhart Hauptmann's "Die Versunkene Glocke," not a few of his admirers thought that this drama would mark a turning-point in the poet's development, that he had at last struggled through the gloom of his early imaginings, that from now on he would accentuate the joyous, the harmonious notes of human life. This hope has been cruelly disappointed by his latest production, "Fuhrmann Henschel," a dialect tragedy which has been the doleful *pièce de résistance* of the Deutsches Theater of Berlin during the last few weeks. Nothing could be gloomier and more depressing than this mournful picture of Silesian peasant life. Even Tolstoi's 'Power of Darkness,' which undoubtedly suggested the outline of characters and the general trend of action in Hauptmann's drama, is, in its final effect, less oppressive and saddening; for although it presents to us a succession of the most horrible atrocities, it leads in the end to a genuine delivery of soul, to a spiritual purification such as we experience in all truly great works of art. In Hauptmann's "Fuhrmann Henschel," on the other hand, there is much less of outward offence against the laws of society, much less of violation of the accepted code of morality; and yet we seem to sink resistlessly and irretrievably into utter degradation and ruin.

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The plot as well as the characters of the drama are of the simplest. Henschel, a teamster in a Silesian mountain village, has hitherto been leading a humdrum and uneventful married existence. Both he and his wife have passed middle life when the first child is born. As a consequence of childbed the mother falls into a lingering illness from which she does not recover. Shortly before her death, she exacts from her husband a promise that he will not marry their servant-girl, whose ambitious schemes upon the unsuspecting man she has discerned with the mental clear-sightedness that comes from bodily weakness. This is the situation at the end of the first act. In the second act we see the helpless widower, struggling along in his loneliness and isolation, seeking comfort in idealizing the memories of the past, but at the same time unconsciously breaking away from them; constantly holding before himself the promise that he made to his dying wife, yet by this constant ruminating over it weakening his sense of moral obligation to it, and thus gradually drifting into a second marriage.

In the third act, Hanna, the servant-girl, has attained her purpose: she has become the mistress of the house; and now she reveals her true character. She treats her husband with brutal scornfulness; she lets the child of the first marriage die from sheer neglect; she dismisses an old and trusted man servant; she flirts with all sorts of doubtful characters; she ill disguises her wrath and disgust when the good-natured husband, thinking to please her thereby, adopts the offspring of a former liaison of hers whom she had left to misery and starvation. The fourth act brings the beginning of the catastrophe. Thus far Henschel has borne all the contumely and shame inflicted upon him by his second wife with mute resignation. He seems to live on in a sort of dazed half-wakefulness, apparently unmindful of the scorn and disrepute into which he has fallen in the village community. But now a chance word rouses him to sudden consciousness of his condition. Being involved, one evening, in a quarrel at the tavern, he hears the insinuation that his second wife is leading him by the nose, nay, that she was not without responsibility for the death of his first wife and child. Now his long-repressed despair breaks forth with boundless fury. Like a maniac he rages about, he strikes down whoever comes in his way, he has his wife brought to the tavern to confront her with her accuser; and, when she haughtily defies them all, he sinks down utterly prostrated.

From here on, throughout the fifth act, he appears well nigh out of his mind. Only one idea is ever present with him, one fact stands out before him with terrible distinctness: the violation of the promise given to his dying wife. This, he thinks, is the cause of all his troubles, for it has prevented his wife from finding rest in the grave. Wherever he goes he sees her face. She looks at him, sad and pale, from out of the moon. She stands by his side when he is grooming the horses. She walks about in the house, rearranging the furniture. When he is going to sleep at night, he finds her lying in his bed; and she presses her hand upon his breast and chokes him. At one time it seems as though he revelled in taking the whole responsibility of his misfortune upon himself: he finds no fault with his second wife; he retracts whatever he said against her. But then, again, he gives way to fatalistic ravings, with genuine peasant superstitiousness throwing the whole blame upon the baneful chain of circumstances.

"Yes, yes; I am at fault in it all, I know it, I am at fault; have done with it. But before that happened with my wife, I mean before I took Hanna, it had begun already, and slowly, slowly it went down-hill with me. First my whalebone whip broke in two. Next, I remember it plainly, I drove a wagon over my dog; it was the best Spitz I had. Then, three of my horses fell dead, one right after another; and one was a stallion, too, worth three hundred thalers. Then, at last, my wife died. I knew well enough that I had been marked out for all this. But when my wife died, I first thought, it had come to an end. Now he can't take much more from me, I thought. But now, you see, he has managed to do me still another turn."

It is easy to imagine what the result of all these mad hallucinations is; a man of such hopelessly hypochondriac temper cannot live, and we are glad for him when he has ended it all.

Hauptmann's consummate skill in depicting diseased states of mind has perhaps never been as strikingly illustrated as in this pathetic figure of a man who goes to ruin from sheer mental disintegration. But never, too, has there been a more striking illustration of the inevitable failure of exclusively pathological poetry. The whole drama, to speak plainly, is as intolerable as it is perfect. There is not a glimpse of the higher life in it; not a single figure which calls out our affection; not even an appeal to our sense of indignation or our righteous wrath; nothing but the cold analysis of a scientific observer. And that from the author of "Die Weber," "Einsame Menschen," and "Die Versunkene Glocke"! Indeed, the extraordinary wealth and versatility of Hauptmann's genius could not be more graphically brought to our minds than by placing "Fuhrmann Henschel" side by side with the three dramas just mentioned. And herein lies the ground for the hope that his next drama will again be a surprise, and lead us into those regions of higher spirituality which in this latest production of his are so entirely hidden from view. KUNO FRANCKE.

HERMELIN'S MOREAU.

PARIS, November 30, 1898.

The name of Jacob Nicolas Moreau is quite unknown, though he was historiographer of France, Librarian to Queen Marie Antoinette, and first councillor of Monsieur (afterwards Louis XVIII.), and his *secrétaire des commandements*. One of his compatriots, M. Camille Hermelin, has just published the 'Souvenirs' of Moreau, or rather begun their publication, as the first volume, which has appeared, extends only from 1717 to 1774, and Moreau died as late as 1803. Moreau, as appears from these dates, had a hand for forty years in the greatest events, though he remained always behind the scenes. Few people have written more in their lifetime than he, though he never attained literary fame. The catalogue of his works, prepared by himself, occupies as many as ten pages of the preface written by M. Hermelin. We find in it many essays which belong to the domain of political economy; many memoirs written at the request of the Dauphin, the father of Louis XVI.; a memoir written before the convocation of the States-General, in which he presented a summary of all the sessions of the States-General at various periods of the French monarchy. This last memoir was in time greatly developed, and became an 'Exposition and Defence of our Monarchical French Constitution.'

Our time will pay more attention to the volume of 'Souvenirs,' as we prefer inedited details about persons and families to general considerations.

"During the last malady of King Louis XV.," says Moreau, "I was at Ville d'Avray, tired of business and resolved to ask for my retirement. I began making an exact and sincere history of all the events in which I had been able to have some part, since I had been called, by my writings themselves, to the posts where I could render the services which the Government expected from me. I gave to this work the title of 'Mes Souvenirs,' and I much desire that it be printed after me."

He says afterwards that he gave his manuscript to be read by the ministers who shared in the government:

"M. de Maurepas was the last to read it; but before him princes, princesses, and in general all who composed the court, wished to read it and guaranteed its truth to me. . . . The last person to whom I could not give it to read was our unfortunate Queen. Alas! in this work itself will be too well shown the motives which the Choiseul party had for concealing from her the knowledge of all I then attempted in order to save her."

Moreau was born December 20, 1717, at St. Florentin, a small town of Burgundy, the eldest of six children. His father sent him, at the age of fifteen, to the College of Beauvais in Paris. The father was poor; and when he left college, Moreau was glad enough to get a little money by writing for Colombat, publisher of the almanacs of the time (many of these almanacs are now much prized by bibliophiles on account of their illustrations). Moreau was fortunate in being received into the family of the famous Chancellor d'Aguesseau, and treated with the greatest kindness by him and his children. The D'Aguesseaus were related to the Chastellux family, to two young members of which Moreau became a companion and at the same time a sort of tutor. He pursued the while his law studies. One of his pupils, the Chevalier (afterwards Marquis of) Chastellux, stayed two years in America, during the War of Independence, and was honored with the friendship of Washington. He was a great Liberal; Moreau says of him: "The poor Chevalier died in 1788, at the time when he was beginning to abandon his revolutionary and philosophical prejudices. He had always been the dupe of his heart, and liked in good faith the philosophers before becoming an enthusiastic follower of their systems." These few lines sufficiently show that Moreau was not a partisan of the philosophical school. He had been brought up in a Jansenist surrounding; in Paris, he was thrown among the members of the Parlement, who were great Jansenists. These he abandoned by degrees, but he never joined the philosophers, whom he attacked in his writings, less on religious than on political grounds. He considered their doctrines destructive of monarchical government.

He found a powerful protector in the person of Marshal de Noailles, who was in 1755 the real Minister of Foreign Affairs, under the name of M. Rouillé. Moreau had written a small pamphlet, in which he attacked, with the weapon of ridicule, the double fanaticism which at that time divided France, the Jesuits on one side and the Jansenists and Parlementarians on the other. The Marshal read

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the pamphlet and said, "That is the man we want." He wished to see Moreau, who was conducted to him by Madame de Chastellux.

"I went to him," records Moreau, "with joy. From that day there was formed between this old and respectable Minister and myself, then only thirty-three years of age, a confidential relation which was never interrupted. From that time to his death, there never passed a week without my seeing him three times. He made me work at a number of researches and memoirs which procured me many new acquaintances. I can say that, from 1755 to the time of his retirement from the Council, I was acquainted with all the great questions in which he took part."

Among these questions were the limits of the French possessions in Canada. Moreau wrote on the subject of the relations of France and England a series of letters which had a wide circulation, under the general title of "L'Observateur Hollandais." These letters, to the number of forty-six, were translated into many languages. From the time of this publication Moreau had to live at Versailles; he became a sort of official pamphleteer and legal adviser. He was married to Mlle. de Coulange and mixed in the best society. His 'Souvenirs' are full of details about the Choiseuls and the Talleyrands.

He came to be looked upon as the enemy of the parlements. His moderate opinions were obnoxious to the Jansenists of the Parlement; he attacked them not as Jansenists, but as enemies of the royal prerogative. The Parlement of Paris delivered a judgment against the Jesuits which obliged them to abjure their Institute and to give an oath to that effect. This judgment was rendered on the 22d of February, 1764. "On Sunday, the 26th, the reverend fathers, confessors of the King and of the royal family, received, from M. de St.-Florentin, an invitation to leave the court. He gave his message very civilly, but in the name of the King, saying that his Majesty had much esteem for them, but was obliged to yield to circumstances." All the Jesuits left Versailles and took refuge in Paris. The struggle between the parlements and the Jesuits was one of the first forms of the spirit which broke out in 1789. France had no written constitution, and the parlements tried to form the embryo of a parliamentary régime. The court party stood fast by the royal prerogative, and was helped by the antagonism between the peers and the judicial members of the Parlement. Moreau took an important part in agitations which seem to us, at a distance, very confused, and which arose from the want of separation of the executive, the legislative, and the judicial powers.

Moreau received a pension from the Foreign Office, and was, besides, appointed Councillor to the "Cour des Comptes, Aides et Finance" of Provence. He lost his wife, and some time afterwards married Miss O'Neill, granddaughter of one of the Irishmen who came to France in the time of James II. In 1768 M. de Maupeou was made Chancellor and *garde des sceaux*. Moreau knew him, and paid him a visit. Maupeou gave him a rendezvous in Paris, and received him with the greatest courtesy. "He asked me for my friendship; he wanted the help of my intelligence, saying, 'I have long known your worth.'" The Chancellor meditated great changes in the parlements, and asked for many details upon the Parlement of Aix and the Cour des Aides of Montpellier. Maupeou used afterwards the information which Moreau gave him.

The history of the Maupeou Parlement is well known. Moreau gives many details upon this subject, chiefly those which concern the Parlement of Aix. He played a very important part in the changes which prepared the revolution in the French judiciary courts. It is not always easy to follow him in the intrigues which preceded and accompanied this revolution, and in the personal questions which were mixed up with general questions. His likes and dislikes play a great part in his opinions. He sometimes speaks well and sometimes ill of Choiseul, of Maupeou, of many others. He is flattered when the ministers use his pen, and angry with them when they dispense with his collaboration. His great friends procured him the sinecure of the Librarianship of Mme. la Dauphine, and he took the opportunity of writing the 'Numéro premier de la Bibliothèque de Mme. la Dauphine.' This first number had no successor, though it was much praised at the time. Moreau was also appointed Councillor to the Count de Provence (who became Louis XVIII.).

In 1769, Chancellor Maupeou began his open war on the old Parlement and the Duke de Choiseul, their protector.

"It was a time," says Moreau, "when the Chancellor, if he had had broad views and much patriotism, could have rendered great services to the King and become the benefactor of the nation by saving it from the despotism of the Parlement. He possessed sufficient authority to give force to the fundamental laws of the Kingdom, to restore to the companies their ancient spirit, and to the Government its activity and vigor. The Parlement had taken itself out of all regulation; it was absolutely necessary to bring it again within the rules, and in the place which was assigned to it."

Unfortunately, all questions at the time were obscured and poisoned by personal considerations. Madame du Barry, who had been presented to the King in 1769, was, consciously or unconsciously, the enemy of the parlements. The Choiseuls, who despised Madame du Barry, represented the opposite cause. "All goes wrong," says Moreau, "when the spirit of intrigue obscures the greatest designs." The exile of Choiseul at Chanteloup was one of the great events of the reign of Louis XV. Moreau has nothing to say about it that is not well known; he is more interesting when he speaks of his mission to Provence, his relations with the King's officers in that province, and the installation of the new Parlement. The people in Provence had not the same feelings as the people in Paris. The former Parlement was very despotic; its members formed an oligarchy which was master of the country, and there was an old proverb which said, in the provincial patois, "The Parlement, the mistral, the Durance, are the three scourges of Provence." The new Parlement, composed of the creatures of Maupeou and of Moreau, was well received by the population.

The last part of this first volume of Moreau's 'Souvenirs' has many details on the final malady of Louis XV. and on his death. The closing chapters give a new version of the dramatic end of the King. Moreau knew almost hour by hour what was going on in the palace at Versailles. He tells us how nobody at first dared to speak to the King of the last sacraments; how they were finally brought, after a long struggle between the friends of Madame du Barry and her enemies, after the King, aware of his fate, consented to dismiss Madame du Barry. He tells us how Louis XV. was abandoned as soon as he was dead; how few people joined his funeral on the way to Saint Denis. "No Prince," says Moreau, "was less regretted than poor Louis XV. Immediately after his death infamous epitaphs were circulated about him." Moreau reports one in verse, which I dare not repeat here, and another in prose: "Here lies one who gave us the system [Law's system] on being born, war while growing, famine while getting old, and the pest in dying." The pest was the smallpox, which Louis XV. gave, on his death-bed, to his daughters, who fortunately did not die of it, though they were at death's door. Moreau, who was a financier, enters at the end of his work into some curious details on the King's private expenses, on his constant habit of having a privy purse, and on the way in which irregular payments were made to him.

Correspondence.

SELLING THE REPUBLIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: What is the use of President McKinley trying to persuade the people of the United States that the Philippines are to be annexed for the sake of humanity? Every one knows that it is being done for the sake of the facilities which the possession of those islands will give to certain capitalists in extending the Chinese trade. In other words, the conscience of the people of this country, their aspirations for the freedom and equality of mankind, the very foundations of this great republic—the noblest ideal of government which has ever been put before the world—all these things are to be sacrificed in order to enrich a cabal of manufacturers and traders, to be sold for certain trade advantages in the Pacific.—Yours truly, S.

CHICAGO, December 11, 1898.

THE COST OF NATIONAL GLORY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: National glory is an attractive bauble, but it comes at so high a price that the sober judgment of Europe, and it is hoped the second and soberer judgment of the United States, raise the question whether in purchasing it we do not pay too much for the whistle. To occupy the foremost place in the world for a whole year, to be most written about in the critical reviews, to be uppermost in world thought and conversation, surely this is a consummation to make those who direct our national affairs stake a tremendous risk, but in doing so they ought to count the final cost. Our supreme danger just now is in seeking national glory, and in seeking it at any price. It is not the first time that Americans have been tempted in this wise, but heretofore they have profited by the experiences of others who paid too much for the whistles. More than three-quarters of a century ago Americans were allured to the same path by brilliant achievement on the high seas. At that time the following wise counsel was given by one who spoke as with the experience and kindness of an elder brother:

"David Porter and Stephen Decatur are very brave men, but they will prove an unspeakable misfortune to their country if they inflame Jonathan into a love of naval glory, and inspire him with any other love of war than that which is founded upon a determination not to submit to serious insult and injury.

"We can inform Jonathan what are the

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inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory: TAXES upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot—taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste—taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion—taxes on everything on earth, and the waters under the earth, on everything that comes from abroad, or is grown at home—taxes on the raw material—taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man—taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health—on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal—on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice—on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribands of the bride—at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay. The schoolboy whips his taxed top—the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road—and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid 7 per cent., into a spoon that has paid 15 per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid 22 per cent., and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from 2 to 10 per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble, and he is then gathered to his fathers—to be taxed no more."*

Before any piece of foreign territory is permanently annexed to the United States, or before the United States becomes attached to any foreign territory, certain things ought to be more carefully considered.

(1.) Is a war which was begun from altruistic motives, for humanity, to end in national vanity and the pursuit of national glory?

(2.) In the light of all experience, may we not say that those nations which have joined in the dance of national glory have in the end paid very dear for the piper?

(3.) In the formulation of a foreign policy, can the Americans afford to do otherwise than go slowly, and be sure that they go safely? CHEESMAN A. HERRICK.

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, PHILADELPHIA.

*Sydney Smith in the *Edinburgh Review*, 1820.

THE RIGHT TO ACQUIRE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am thoroughly opposed to the annexation of the Philippines, but I think we ought not, in the interest of that position, to contend that our government has no power to acquire them. The United States has, as incidental to sovereignty, the power to acquire territory, and use it and govern it under the direction of Congress. Nothing can be more clear than this on abstract reasoning. The Dred Scott opinion, so far as it relates to this point, is an *obiter dictum* at best and should have but little weight in the discussion. When analyzed, it will be found to be specious, partial, and prejudiced.

The simple question is this. Granting that the United States Constitution nowhere prohibits Congress from acquiring territory by treaty, purchase, or otherwise; does it not follow that the right to administer the affairs of such territory follows the acquisition, and becomes a necessary duty rather than a mere right? This is founded upon article 4, section 3, clause 2, of the Constitution: "Congress shall have full power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States; and nothing in this Constitution shall be so construed as to prejudice any claims of the United States or of any particular State."

It is quite true that, according to article 6, section 2, all treaties made under its authority shall be the supreme law of the land, and for this reason it is not only important, but the clear duty of the treaty-making power, that a treaty concerning territory *to be acquired* shall not contain any provision with regard to the *method* of government to be adopted by Congress after the acquisition. That is a matter for full discussion and mature deliberation; and not until *all the people* of the United States have been consulted in a referendum of some sort, like that suggested by Carl Schurz, should Congress venture to make laws for the permanent government of the newly acquired territory. This would not preclude a military government by the President as Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States, but this would be only a temporary measure, leaving the mode of civil administration to be determined upon by Congress.

Calamitous as I think it would be to annex the Philippines, it seems to me it would be a greater calamity to make the refusal to take them a precedent in favor of the want of power under the Constitution to acquire them. ISABELLA BEECHER HOOKER.

HARTFORD, CONN., December 19, 1898.

POLITICS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of September 8 last a correspondent gave a detailed account of how politics play an important factor in the University of the State of Washington. Let me point out to you a striking parallel case in our own State University. During the session of '96 and '97 of the California Legislature, the Board of Regents of the State University had a bill passed increasing by direct taxation the annual appropriation for the University. It was, indeed, an edifying spectacle to behold the University's venerable President, together with other professors financially interested in the passage of the bill, lobbying for days in Sacramento in behalf of the proposed increase.

The measure was finally passed, and, nearly two years later, in the heat of the campaign of our recent State election, the Governor of California, James Budd, gave the inside history of the passage of that bill at the great students' meeting held in San Francisco. Here is what Governor Budd said on the evening of October 9 last:

"The Democrats and the Republicans in the last Legislature stood side by side. In the House, Coombs, the Speaker, presided—a Regent and a Republican. In the Senate, Jeter, a Democrat and a Regent, presided. And in the Governor's chair sat a graduate of the University of California, a Regent also. [Applause.] And these three, with the work of the gentlemen from San Francisco and Alameda and elsewhere, made sure the passage of that bill so necessary to the existence of the University of California. And we all worked for love—except one. Ye Republicans who brag and boast that it is ye who have supported that institution, let me tell you that but one man had a price for his work. He charged the Regents of the University of California $2,500 for lobbying in the interest of that bill, and that man was a Republican.

"A Voice—Who is he?

"Governor Budd—Who is he? His name is Julius Kahn. He is running for Congress in the Fourth District. Yes, gentlemen, that is the record. He got his $2,500, but Jim Barry will go to Congress just the same. [Applause.]"

The exposure, however, did not harm Mr. Kahn at all. He was subsequently elected in a strong Democratic district, and will, a year hence, grace the halls of the House of Representatives. California morals cannot be gauged from a narrow-minded Eastern standpoint. A CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 7, 1898.

SHELLEY IN AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following item from the December, 1898, catalogue of Henry Stevens, Sons & Stiles, London, England, just to hand, may give additional information as to the publication of Shelley's works in America (see letter in the *Nation*, December 1, p. 409):

"Shelley (Percy Bysshe). Queen Mab, a philosophical Poem. New York, printed and sold by J. Baldwin, 1821.

"This first American edition was reprinted from a copy of the privately printed edition presented to the publisher when in London, by Shelley himself. It is quite uncastrated." J.

TORONTO, December 13, 1898.

TENNYSON AND HORACE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A few notes on some matters recently touched upon in your columns may be of interest to readers of the *Nation* (unless they should appear little more than the additions of "a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles").

(1.) *Tennyson and Horace.* To Mr. Mustard's wonderfully interesting catalogue of parallelisms (*Nation*, June 9, 1898, pp. 438-39) should apparently be added one more instance, namely, Tennyson's lines in his "Ulysses" (near the end):

> "Come, my friends,
> 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
> Push off, and, sitting well in order, smite
> The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
> To sail beyond the sunset," etc.

In these lines we have a most charming "reminiscence" (shall we not say?) of this passage in Horace, Od. i., 7, 30-32:

> "O fortes peioraque passi
> Mecum sæpe viri, nunc vino pellite curas;
> Cras ingens iterabimus æquor."

(2.) *Sugar-bush.* John Burroughs may be added to the list of those who use this expression as meaning "a growth of trees" (*Nation*, October 27, p. 311, and November 10, p. 350). In his chapter, "In the Hemlocks," he writes: "I descend a steep hill, and approach the hemlocks through a large sugar-bush" (p. 53 of his 'Wake-Robin').

(3.) *Cockney rhymes and other ineffective rhymes.* To the observations already made in the *Nation* (September 29, p. 241; October 20, p. 294; October 27, pp. 310-11; November 3, p. 332; November 10, p. 350) may be added the following, quoted from an article on Kipling in *Blackwood's* for October, 1898 (p. 481): "It is the more provoking that he frequently indulges in Cockney rhymes, such as *abroad* and *Lord*. The final verse of 'The Last Chantey' is disgraced by a false assonance of this sort, and so is the closing couplet of 'M'Andrew's Hymn,' where, of course, it is peculiarly out of place."

One scarcely needs to be reminded, in reading the above, that *Blackwood's* is published north of the Tweed, where the rolling of the *r* is not likely to receive any less than its due, to say the least. W. E. F.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., December 12, 1898.

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Notes.

We have received from the American Library Association (Publishing Section, 10½ Beacon Street, Boston) a pamphlet of "Annotated Titles of Books on English History published in 1897." These titles, printed on one side of a leaf only, have been deliberately selected and prepared by Mr. W. Dawson Johnston, of Harvard University. The bibliographical particulars (in a form suited for a catalogue) are followed by a summary evaluation of the book, as derived from authoritative reviews indicated at the foot, often with the critic's name. This publication, taking up next the titles of 1898, is to proceed in quarterly issues, and subscribers will have their option between the pamphlet form and the cards of regulation size. The enterprise commends itself not least because the work is not done in a hurry.

'The Dreyfus Case,' by F. C. Conybeare, is about to be issued by Dodd, Mead & Co.

Ginn & Co. have nearly ready 'Deutsche Gedichte: A Collection of German Poems for High Schools,' arranged by Hermann Mueller; and 'Seed Dispersal,' by Prof. W. J. Beal of Michigan Agricultural College.

Mayer & Müller, Berlin, have undertaken the publication of Leibnitz's correspondence with mathematicians, in three volumes, of which the first is now ready, an octavo of nearly 800 pages with a facsimile. The editor is Prof. Dr. C. J. Gerhardt, who in effect carries out Leibnitz's own intention to establish his claim to the discovery of the differential calculus; at the same time supplying "the basis for a history of mathematics in the second half of the 17th and the first half of the 18th century."

Ten years ago we reviewed at some length Mr. Archibald John Little's 'Through the Yang-tse Gorges' (London: Sampson Low; New York: Scribners), a work forcibly exhibiting the decay of the great Chinese Empire, as well as furnishing much valuable information from the commercial, social, and picturesque points of view. It had the success of a second edition, and recent events in the East have given it a fresh claim on public attention. It is accordingly reissued in an orthodox yellow cloth cover, stamped with an ominous map of China in black, with red lines making a band through which runs the Yang-tse, and which is inscribed "British Sphere." The author had asserted the navigability by steam of the Upper Yang-tse, and he now adds a chapter describing his own ascent in a light-draught steamer of his construction 1,470 miles above Shanghai, the first ever made. The book contains a large number of highly interesting photographic views.

Mr. John C. Hemment's 'Cannon and Camera' (Appletons) merits a place among the authentic records of the war for Cuba. The author is a man of courage and of feeling, and, having been a National Guardsman, he could judge fairly the military operations which fell under his eye. He was making photographs in Havana before and after the blowing up of the *Maine;* he witnessed the advance on Santiago; he saw Cervera's fleet destroyed; he was at Camp Wikoff. His numerous views illustrate these various phases of the campaign. His unaffected narrative shows the horrid side of war as well as the brilliant and fame-making. Mr. Hemment concludes with some hints to amateur and professional photographers in like circumstances.

Mr. Ben LaBree is the editor of another book of short anecdotes and reminiscences of the civil war, which he calls 'Camp Fires of the Confederacy.' Like his 'Pictorial Battles,' it is a compilation from very numerous sources and writers, known and unknown. He has put under contribution a large number of prominent Confederate officers, and has diligently collected literary waifs of all sorts, representing the wit, humor, and pathos of the camp. It is a really remarkable collection of the kind; and if the stories are sometimes, like the illustrations, crudely sketchy, something amusing will be found on almost every page. Among the illustrations are many portraits of Confederate officers, reproduced from photographs. The book is a showy small quarto of nearly 600 pages, published by the Louisville *Courier-Journal* Printing Company.

'With the Greeks in Thessaly,' by W. Kinnaird Rose, Reuter's correspondent in the Greco-Turkish war, is published in good form by L. C. Page & Co., Boston. It is of course based on Mr. Rose's dispatches from the seat of war during the campaign, and is a sprightly and interesting story, with just that degree of partiality to the Greek view of affairs which is proper from a friend in their camp. His account of the stampede from Mati to Larissa, and the hardly less disorderly retreat to Pharsala, is a strong bit of description. It pictures the "press-gang," also, as caught in perils quite as great as those of the troops in the line; greater, in fact, than of those who kept in line. The illustrations, by W. T. Maud, are some of those which appeared originally in the London *Graphic*, and are very effective.

Those who enjoyed the clever stories contained in 'Many Cargoes,' by W. W. Jacobs, will be pleased with the new collection now issued by Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes Co. under the title of 'More Cargoes.' Like their predecessors, these stories of ships and sailors have a decidedly salty flavor, and are ingenious and amusing.

Oliver Herford's humorous pencil is seen to advantage in 'The Bashful Earthquake, and Other Fables,' from his own rhyming pen (Scribners). Genuine humorist he is, in either medium, and his dainty little volume will help spread the gospel of hilarity. The fables are of uneven merit, but the best are very good, and none are flat. The natural history of "The Untutored Giraffe" is much assisted by the drawings, as is the deeper satire of "The Lovesick Scarecrow" (that "felt the influence of Spring And fell in love— . . . he loved a crow!") and "The Doorless Wolf." The title-fable is, as often happens, not the most worthy of its place in the collection. Better stuff is the related cataclysmal stanza of the frontispiece, imagining the sudden falling of the earth through space, shedding "Ants, philosophers, and mice," only to furnish delight to a watching child on another planet—"See the pretty shooting-star!"

The *Youth's Companion* calendar for 1899 is a very ornamental triptych fitted to stand upright on table or mantel. The opening of the wings discloses three pretty color designs of female figures and faces.

Uniform in size with a fresh reprint of Gelett Burgess's 'The Purple Cow,' William Doxey sends us from San Francisco 'The Lark Almanack' for 1899, with familiar designs by the same eccentric hand, taken from the defunct *Lark*, a quarry which shows no sign of exhaustion.

We have more than once spoken of the awakening of intelligent and devout Catholics to the necessity of raising the standard of educational institutions for the orthodox youth of both sexes. A commotion, more serious than that following the appeals, two years ago and later, of the Vicomtesse d'Adhémar, has been recently created in religious circles in France by Mme. Laroche's (La Mère Marie du Sacré-Cœur) 'Les Religieuses enseignantes et les nécessités de l'apostolat.' This nun boldly denounces the inferior education afforded by the Catholic schools, and the profound ignorance of the teaching *congrégations*. Her call for the foundation of a superior normal school for young women in Paris, as the centre of enlightenment, is seconded by Brunetière, Coppée, De Vogüé, and several other academicians and leading scholars and statesmen. But, according to the *Revue Internationale de l'Enseignement*, only fourteen out of sixty-seven bishops seem to look with more or less favor upon the project.

The noble dignity, both of thought and language, of Else Hasse's essay, 'Moderne Frauenbildung und ihr sittlicher Inhalt' (Braunschweig: Sattler), entitles it to special mention among the more noteworthy recent German publications of its class. No friend of womankind, we believe, can read these pages without a sense of entire satisfaction, and without wishing that the writer's ideas may find more and more adherents among men and women the world over.

An entertaining volume, as well as valuable contribution to the intellectual and political history of Germany during the present century, is a biography entitled 'Heinrich Abeken: Ein schlichtes Leben in bewegter Zeit, aus Briefen zusammengestellt' (Berlin: Mittler & Sohn). Abeken was born August 19, 1809, and died August 8, 1872. He studied theology, and was an intimate friend of Schleiermacher, Humboldt, and other illustrious personages in Berlin. On the recommendation of Baron von Bunsen, he was appointed chaplain to the Prussian embassy in Rome, where he enjoyed the society of Overbeck, Thorwaldsen, Schnorr, Cornelius, Niebuhr, and other men of note. He travelled in Palestine, and accompanied Lepsius on his expedition to Egypt and Ethiopia. From 1848 till the time of his death he held the position of Legationsrath in the Foreign Office at Berlin, and was highly esteemed by Friedrich Wilhelm IV., Wilhelm I., and Bismarck as a confidential councillor. In this capacity he showed himself to be a man of keen insight and sterling merit.

The *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for December has for frontispiece a portrait of the late Sherman Hoar, one of the victims of the recent war for humanity, through his humanity; and half-a-dozen portraits of collegians who died as soldiers accompany Mr. W. G. Brown's biographical annals of "Harvard in the Spanish War, 1898: I. The Volunteers Who Died." Out of ten (not including Mr. Hoar) whose lives are briefly sketched, six are credited with a special fondness for athletics; and if the inference be that athletics breed warriors (as is in the contemplation of our Roosevelts when they favor football), we may also conclude that heroes can still be made in the old-fashioned way. What is more striking is, that nine of the ten died of disease and one by accident in camp.

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Seven of the ten, again, were born in the West; one each in Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania. The opening and most important paper is from the pen of F. L. Olmsted, jr., naming some, but not all, of the schemes for connecting the college grounds with the Charles River (and so with Boston by the only possible pleasant access), and concluding that now or never, within five years at the utmost, can this great desideratum be attained. It is a millionaire's opportunity.

Various places on the west coast of Sumatra are pleasantly described by Mr. David G. Fairchild in the *National Geographic Magazine* (Washington) for November. The beautiful mountain scenery, the charm of the tropical verdure, the brightly colored costumes of the natives make an exceedingly attractive picture. The last place visited was the fortified town of Kota Radja, the old capital of Achin, where for the last twenty-five years the Dutch have striven unsuccessfully to conquer "one of the most warlike and stubborn races of savages in all the Orient." "A string of some fourteen forts and blockhouses," he says, "has been thrown—horse-shoe-like, with either end on the coast—about the town of Kota Radja, and are all connected by a narrow-gauge railroad with each other and with Kota Radja itself. The coaches are provided with iron-plating, and serve for the transport of supplies, of troops, and seemingly of school-children as well, for, as we made our visit to the blockhouses along the line, some bright-looking girls scrambled in, books in hand, bound for the day school in Kota Radja, and they seemed quite as unconcerned as if no war was in progress, and heedless of the fact that, from the jungle in the near distance, might at any time issue a hail of bullets." In a suggestive paragraph at the close, referring to the similarity of these forts to the blockhouses of our colonial Indian wars, Mr. Fairchild says: "Should we see fit to undertake the control of such an archipelago as the Philippines, the training of our regulars as Indian fighters would come into excellent play!" The paper is illustrated by numerous reproductions of photographs, mainly of the picturesque houses. Mr. M. S. W. Jefferson discusses the question, "What is the tide of the open Atlantic?" in which he argues in favor of the oscillation theory as opposed to that of a progressive or a stationary wave.

The main contents of the *Annales de Géographie* for November are a discussion of some problems of the geological history of valleys, with especial reference to those of Enns-Salzach; an orographic study of Le Morvan in France; a sketch of the geological surveys of the Russians in northern Asia; and a study of the inland ice of Greenland, founded on a recent work by E. von Drygalski. There is also a short account of the Congo Railway, with a hopeful forecast of its influence on the development of the material resources of central Africa. "Optimists affirm that, before ten years, the Congo will raise all the coffee consumed in Belgium, and will, moreover, be one of the leading markets of the world for cacao and tobacco."

Formosa and the inhabitants of its mountain districts are the timely subject of a lively paper by Robt. Schumacher in *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, number ten, in which the origin of these little-known people is discussed. The excessive mortality (66 per cent.) from disease among the Japanese soldiers recently sent to occupy the island is shown to have been due not to the climate, as was asserted, but to an inefficient commissariat and long marches. In the closing paragraphs, attention is significantly directed to the strategic importance of Formosa. There is also a notice of a geological tour in northern Iceland by Dr. Thoroddsen, and an interesting schedule of the geographical instruction given in forty-two German universities and technical schools for the present winter term, in which are to be found the names of the professors and the subjects of their lectures. A supplemental number, 126, contains an account, by Dr. G. Radde, of an expedition sent out by the Russian Government in 1886 for the scientific exploration of Transcaspia. To a description of the noteworthy incidents of the journey, which included a visit to Khorasan, is joined a brief sketch of the geology, fauna, and flora of the region. The expedition, it may be of interest to add, was prevented from landing at Krasnovodsk on the Caspian, in a latitude south of that of Naples, by the ice!

The last issue of the *Boletin de la Sociedad Geográfica* of Lima *(trimestre tercero,* vol. vii.), continues the publication of the Raimondi MSS., one on the physical geography of Peru, and two others which are brief accounts of the leading features of the islands and rocks, bays and capes, of the entire Peruvian coast. These details may supplement the data available for our sailing-masters, so far as relates to the minor bays at least. Dr. Villar's contributions on the Keshua language (this time on Uirakocha) are always noteworthy. The amount of meteorological information respecting many parts of Peru, east and west, and of various altitudes, is of great practical value. A table of vital statistics of Iquitos during 1897 throws light upon the conditions of health in the very heart of the Amazonian forest—truly continental tropical conditions. The population in round numbers is 7,000. Births were 684, deaths 382. Of the fatalities the most important were, 52 due to dysentery, 49 to fevers (malarial), 40 to influenza, 26 to anæmia, and 111 to consumption. 177 deaths were among adults and 205 among children. A curious circumstance is that 288 out of the total 382 died without having had the benefit of medical attendance.

Pope Leo XIII. from time to time evinces his interest in the cause of literature and scholarship. Lately he caused to be sent to the officials of the German Museum at Nürnberg a set of the Vatican library catalogues in eleven volumes, as "a token of his special regard."

We must not reopen the discussion of the origin of the American college word "campus," but a correspondent in Columbia, S. C., sends us what may for the moment stand for the earliest observed appearance of the word in print or in a book, whether American or British. Robert Mills, in his 'Statistics of South Carolina' (Charleston, 1826), in describing South Carolina College, which went into operation in 1804, speaks (p. 701) of the buildings disposed about a hollow square of ten acres "which is called the *Campus*."

Frederik Winkel Horn, who died November 18, was born in Copenhagen July 19, 1845. He was the author of an immense number of works, chiefly on Danish literature; and translated among others the 'Elder Edda,' in verse, the 'Heimskringla,' Saxo Grammaticus, and many English novels, including 'Waverley.' At the time of his death he was editor of a Danish illustrated Cyclopædia. He is best known in this country through his 'History of Scandinavian Literature,' translated by R. B. Anderson. He was an industrious, enthusiastic, though not original, bookman, with an apparently unlimited capacity for work.

At the suggestion of Sir Walter Besant, a "Charlotte Yonge Scholarship" Fund is being raised in honor of the prolific author of 'The Heir of Redclyffe,' in connection with the Winchester High School. This school is for girls from all parts of the kingdom, and was founded in 1884, since which date Miss Yonge has been one of the Council of Management. The sum of $30,000 is aimed at. Contributions in any amount may be sent to the honorary treasurer, the Rev. J. H. Merriott, Dormy Cottage, Winchester, England.

The American Economic Association, Prof. A. T. Hadley, President, will hold its eleventh annual meeting at New Haven, December 27-29. The coming Twelfth Census will receive discussion in an entire session.

The Central Division of the Modern Language Association of America will hold its fourth annual meeting at Lincoln, Neb., December 27-29.

In answer to a correspondent's inquiry, Dr. Billings informs us that the New York Public Library, while not perhaps rich in Persian books, etc., probably has the best collection of Persian in the country. It does not possess the Calcutta edition of Sadi's complete works, but it has the edition of 1847 and of 1880, Bombay, both complete. The collections are at the Astor.

—Oscar Klaussmann published some time ago a gossipy German book on William II., with minute details regarding the Emperor's private and family life and the administration of the imperial palace, from the pomp of the throne-room to the circumstance of the sculleries. Maurice Leudet utilized this material for a French book, omitting Klaussmann's panegyrics, and seasoning the German writer's details with an occasional pinch of malicious comment. He added also an irrelevant description of German duels; an unconsciously humorous collection of French opinions, elicited by the suggeston that William might visit Paris; and a final chapter upon the Emperor's supposed foreign policy. Leudet's book has now been translated into English by Virginia Taylour (London: Hutchinson & Co.; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.) under the title 'The Emperor of Germany at Home.' We glean from it the facts that, in the intervals of his activity as German Emperor, Prussian King and Premier, war-lord, painter, sculptor, writer, composer, architect, and globe-trotter, William II. finds time to cane his boys when they prove intractable to other authorities; that he is the first Prussian King who has inspected his own kitchens; that he personally determines the menu of state dinners, the Empress being trusted with this duty only as regards ordinary meals; and that the conversation at court banquets is essentially an imperial monologue. The statement that during his progress through the palace kitchens he harangued the assembled cooks and scullions, we reject as an invention of M. Leudet. The book is well printed and profusely illustrated; and those who care for this sort of literature will doubtless like it.

—One of the many practical methods by which the Germans are trying to fight Social

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Democracy is the establishment of workingmen's colonies. These agricultural *Arbeiter-Kolonien* are farming establishments on a grand scale at which all who are out of work, but are anxious to get it, can find it and a Christian home until they can arrange for permanent employment. The originator of the scheme is Pastor von Bodelschwingh of Bielefeld, whose colony at Wilhelmsdorf has, in the fifteen years of its existence, given to 9,000 colonists work for the average period of three months. The idea took, and, as a consequence, nine other workingmen's colonies have been established, some through private enterprise and others by the governments, so that there is practically a network of these establishments throughout Germany, and they have been the means, to a certain extent, of furnishing a substantial solution of the tramp problem. Recently Von Bodelschwingh, who had bought up all the available land at Wilhelmsdorf, purchased the famous Hochmoor, the so-called Wietingsmoor, fully 2,000 acres of morass land in the district of Lübbecke, and proposes now to convert this into arable land with the help of his colonists. Bodelschwingh's projects are warmly encouraged by the Government, and the Emperor and Empress of Germany recently visited Bielefeld and Wilhelmsdorf. The former commended in enthusisatic terms the work there done for social reform.

—The rich collection of papyri finds made at Oxyrhynchus by the English scholars Grenfeld and Hunt, of which a portion was recently published by the Egypt Exploration Fund, as Part I. of the "Græco-Roman Branch," is evidently destined to prove a fascinating source of historical and archæological data. One of these fragments, covering four columns, each of fourteen or fifteen lines, has already excited international interest. Mommsen, who spoke on this fragment at a meeting of the Berlin Academy of Sciences soon after its appearance, and whose view is published in the report of the session, p. 498, called it "remnants of a remarkable protocol in which an Alexandrian ambassador and gymnasiarch Appianos stands before the Emperor for judgment and is condemned to death, probably on account of impudent insults to his Majesty uttered during the trial." The Halle professor Blass, in the *Literarisches Centralblatt*, expresses similar views, as also do O. Crusius and some others. An altogether new face is given the matter by a detailed discussion by Professor Deissmann of Heidelberg, in the *Theologische Literaturzeitung*, No. 23, who, upon a close analysis and comparison with other similar accounts, makes it quite possible that this fragment is a specimen—the largest of the few extant—of a remarkable kind of literature, viz., protocols of an anti-Jewish embassy sent by the citizens of Alexandria to complain about their Israelitish neighbors to the Emperor. As nearly all the other fragments of this kind belong to the era of Claudius, it is quite possible that similar complaints nearer home induced that Emperor to expel the Jews from Rome. If this new interpretation, as seems not improbable, is correct, it furnishes us with a curious glimpse of the kaleidoscope of nationalities that composed the Roman Empire of the period. The text of the fragment is published in full by Deissmann.

—The Dieppe school of map-makers, of which Pierre Desceliers was perhaps the earliest important member, became established during the second quarter of the sixteenth century. More maps, of finer technique and of greater diplomatic interest, were made during the succeeding half-century at other centres of geographic and commercial knowledge, at Lisbon, Seville, and the Italian and German cities; but none of these excelled the Dieppese maps in accurate, honest portrayal of what was actually known to the men who sailed the ships which were tracing their way along the unknown coasts of Asia, Australasia, and America. Three of these maps, drawn by Desceliers, the priest of Arques, across the river from Dieppe, in 1536 or thereabouts, in 1546, and in 1550, have recently been published in facsimile for a few of the more important libraries by the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres. It would be hard to name three maps of this period of greater intrinsic interest, or three about which there was greater need of accurate information. These maps have been known for a considerable time, and that of 1546, now owned by Lord Crawford, was facsimiled twenty-five years ago for Jomard's 'Monuments de la Géographie.' But Jomard failed to discover the legend on this map which gives its date and the maker's name; and of the other two maps, preserved in the British Museum, there was no satisfactory description prior to the preparation of Mr. Coote's introduction to Lord Crawford's facsimiles. The detailed study and comparison now made possible promise to reveal many points which will throw light upon the progress of discovery and upon the increase of knowledge of the border lands of the earth. Not only were these maps drawn during an especially interesting period, but their value is greatly increased by their being the work of one man, who utilized from year to year each addition to his stock of information, eliminating superseded guesses and theories as they came within the range of actual exploration reported by returning voyagers.

FRAZER'S PAUSANIAS.—I.

Pausanias's Description of Greece. Translated with a Commentary by J. G. Frazer, M.A., LL.D., Glasgow; Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Macmillans. 1898.

Mr. Frazer's six stately volumes, translating, elucidating, and completing Pausanias's Description of Greece in the second century A. D., must henceforth be a landmark upon the constantly expanding domain of Hellenic Archæology. More than any other connected work of our time, his Commentary brings into focus the scattered dissertations of specialists and the elusive broadsides of controversialists. Moreover, he has shown a surprising skill in digesting and clarifying for the judicious reader the important gist of those portentous tomes which register the results of vastly planned excavations. Absolved alike from worrying our attention amid swarms of pamphlets, and from weighting our shelves with tons of officially promulgated folios, we are bound to express the liveliest gratitude for the three thousand-odd pages of this all-comprising work, as well as for the learning, the labor, and the judgment here lavished in our behoof. If any should incline to murmur at the dimensions assumed by Mr. Frazer's magnum opus, let him reflect that a work which not only gives a trustworthy version of a great author of considerable bulk, but also is an itemized specification of the stock-in-hand of Hellenic Archæology, and an arbitrator's award upon its leading points in controversy, a Gazetteer of Anthropology and a Thesaurus of Folk-lore, will never find house-room in the fifth dimension of space or accommodate itself to the waistcoat pocket. Indeed, though the most cautious of the anthropologists and the Hellenists whom Mr. Frazer's 'Golden Bough' has left unconvinced, may sigh a little over him at moments when he turns his back upon Pausanias and hastily dashes through the least-frequented extremities of the earth, telling his litany of primeval saws and savage instances, the judicious layman will be sure to find our author's array of curious lore about primitive man a constant and welcome relief from the strain of prolonged archæological discussions. Still, these anthropological catalogues have a monotony of their own, which is often aggravated by the fact that the only obvious thing to be done with them is to recommit them to the sort of card-catalogue from which they seem to derive.

There is, however, another conspicuous feature in Mr. Frazer's work which occupies a vastly larger space than is given to primeval man, and is everywhere refreshing and uplifting, since it grows out of a sustained enthusiasm for Greek landscape and displays unparalleled powers of description. Always scrupulously specific, never careless as to the fauna, the flora, the soils, the minerals, or the geological facts presented to his scrutiny, constantly mindful of topographical niceties and debates, Mr. Frazer nevertheless contrives at every turn to inoculate the reader with his own ardent delight in Greek scenery. Attica, in every nook and cranny, he not only has seen with his own eyes, but can describe with an eloquence the more convincing because never out of touch with definite and concisely summarized facts. The landscapes of Bœotia and Arcadia have also given him peculiar delights which he again contrives to share with his reader. There are also passages not easy to forget on the Parnassian wilds of Phocis (vol. v., 230, 399), the alpine recesses of Laconian Taygetus (vol. iii., 363), and the rugged district of Maina (Ib., 392 f.), and Cape Malea (Ib., 386 f.). In fact, the gallery of landscapes through which our commentator guides us, whets and sustains appetite for more throughout these volumes. Each picture is made doubly effective on the one hand by the obliviousness of Pausanias to all beauties of nature as such (vol. i., introduction, xxx f.), and on the other by its setting in the midst of highly technical dissertations on points of archæology. The total result is that these notes have a charm, quite independent of Pausanias, which has rarely or never been equalled in a commentary. A comparison to be made is with the late Prof. Freeman's 'Sicily,' a work abounding in beautiful landscapes nobly described. Mr. Frazer has nothing of Freeman's unique gift for interpreting the far-off site or landscape by swift and unerring flashes of comparison with places better known and nearer home; on the other hand, he has a firmer hold than Freeman's upon the specific minutiæ of the scene he is describing. Plainly, Mr. Frazer learned the love of scenery in his native Scotland; otherwise he could not in the course of two visits to Greece, both of which together hardly covered half a year, have lived himself so

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completely into the genius of the country-side of Hellas.

Mr. Frazer gives, in the first of his six volumes, a complete translation of the ten books of Pausanias, covering 550-odd pages. To this he prefixes an introduction of a hundred pages, and the volume closes with critical notes of like amount. The sixth and last volume is almost entirely occupied by an admirably minute index to the translated text of Pausanias, and, along with a short index to the Commentary (volumes ii.-v.), a serviceable key-map and nine large-scale maps, each of which covers one of the several regions of Greece dealt with by Pausanias. One whole volume of the four devoted to Commentaries is given to Pausanias's forty-four chapters on Attica and the Megarid, and here, for every page of his text, our commentator supplies ten pages explanatory and supplementary. When we have noted that the pages of the Commentary are more closely printed than those of the text, to which they stand in the ratio of 5:4, and that Mr. Frazer is always scrupulously brief and commendably concise in his diction, we begin to realize very definitely how unparalleled has been, especially during the last fifty years, the amount of enthusiastic work and intellectual energy expended upon the records and monuments of the ancient Athenians. Just here either a contrast or a parallel—perhaps it is both—presents itself. The historians of the later Crusades, unlike the chroniclers of the earlier ones, had much of the impersonal interest in facts about Greece and the Levant so marked in our modern explorers, who are indeed like the Crusaders of old in representing all the more vigorous national stocks of Christendom. But our workers in Greece to-day have one great advantage over their intellectual forerunners of 500 years ago, since they find in the land itself which they are exploring a host of Greeks trained in the school of the West, who are willing and able to do a vast share of the necessary work. Indeed, a prevalent tendency to belittle the capacities of the modern Greek must receive a rude check from Mr. Frazer's record of sound work in archæology done by contemporary Greek scholars. These observations inevitably suggest themselves after a glance at the first volume of our author's Commentary (which deals with Attica, where all the excavations on a large scale have been the work of native scholars), but they also hold good elsewhere.

The scale of Mr. Frazer's Commentary is considerably reduced as soon as he has done with Attica. He still gives us, however, six pages to every one of Pausanias's text throughout the Book (ii.) on Corinth and Argolis. As an offset to the enforced amplitude with which these first two books have to be elucidated, we may turn to the notes on Achaia (vii.) and Messenia (iv.), where Mr. Frazer contrives to say all that is necessary in just about the number of pages occupied by the text elucidated, nor does Pausanias's account of Laconia (iii.), largely devoted as it is to a summary of Laconian history, require of him more than two pages to every one of the text commented upon. Elis (v., vi.). Arcadia (viii.), Bœotia (ix.), and Phocis (x.) remain, and here the Commentary has what is its average bulk throughout the whole work—four pages of explanation to every one of Pausanias. Why Mr. Frazer could not be more brief in commenting on these particular books is apparent when we note that his account of Elis contains a summary of the German excavations at Olympia, while Arcadia is of cardinal importance in the study of the most primitive aspects of Greek worship, not to speak of its varied and remarkable scenery. Of Bœotia several parts are, like Arcadia, primitive, while small but by no means few or unimportant excavations have greatly multiplied the points of archæological interest in this region. As to Phocis, Mr. Frazer's readers are to be congratulated on his success in obtaining access to the plans and accounts of French excavations still in progress at Delphi. This book is the first one of note which systematically lifts the veil behind which Apollo's greatest Sanctuary has been hidden for so many centuries. Before turning to details, we may remark that these Commentaries as a whole have not been fashioned into a working substitute for an extensive and not inexpensive archæological library without lavish, varied, and costly illustrations. The four volumes of Commentaries contain 91 figured coins, 57 reproductions of statues, bas-reliefs, and pictures, and 41 cuts of various sizes, supplying for the most part important architectural and topographical ground-plans. To these must be added the most noteworthy of all the illustrations, 32 large plates. Sixteen of these are plans, eleven are maps, and five are carefully executed engravings.

DARWIN'S TIDES.

The Tides and Kindred Phenomena in the Solar System. By George Howard Darwin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1898. 8vo, pp. 378.

There are probably not a great many people who feel any burning desire to know just how the tides behave, and just why they behave as they do, and just how predictions of them are made; so that this book may not be much sought after at the mere mention of its title. Readers of it must pass around from mouth to mouth how interesting it is, and how much the author had made of a seemingly most refractory subject. He has shown us that it is possible to write a popular book upon a branch of mathematics without childishness, without sensationalism, and to give it a real value for him who is versed in the science as well as for him to whom it is all new.

The variety of topics that are found pertinent to the general theme is astonishing. No less than twenty chapters treat of nineteen different questions, each of great interest quite apart from the rest, but at the same time the whole nineteen have such a unity that we cannot say that any one of them could have been omitted without serious detriment to the general sketch of this branch of science.

All these topics are so interesting that we hardly know which ones to choose in order to give our readers an idea of the contents of the volume. Perhaps chapter ii., partly (no doubt) from its giving the first marked impression of the work, is as striking as any. It relates to "seiches" in lakes. The word "seiche" is vernacular, we believe, only on the shores of Lake Leman, where alone this phenomenon has attracted the general attention of the inhabitants. It is a rise and fall of the water on the shore of the lake of a few inches, sometimes with a period of about an hour, sometimes in a less regular way. This phenomenon has been investigated, not by a mathematician or physicist, but by a naturalist of the school of De Saussure and De Candolle (not to leave the shores of the lake for exemplars), Dr. Forel of Lausanne, a town well placed for observing the seiches. It is interesting to see the methods of observation of this naturalist in physics; they are very ingenious, and are such as a physicist would hardly have lit upon. The observations render the nature of the seiches quite evident. The commonest are just like the slopping of a tea-cup carried in the hand—that is, the whole mass of water of the lake rocks about a nodal line in the middle. In other seiches there are two nodes or even more; but these are infrequent. It is important, in view of phenomena presently to be mentioned, to note the periodic times of these oscillations. The uninodal seiches are observed to have a period of 73 minutes, the binodal of 35 minutes. Ordinary visible waves on the lake have a period of 4 to 5 seconds. Intermediate between these there are waves having a height of from 1-25 to 1-10 of an inch, and of periods of from 45 seconds to 4 minutes. Of course, they can be observed only by a delicate recording instrument. Some of these waves, which Dr. Forel designates as "vibrations," are due to the wind, but the most interesting ones are caused by steamboats. When a steamboat running at full speed is still twenty-five minutes from the pier, as soon as she rounds a point that gives a clear way for the wave the vibrations are plainly marked upon the instrument. After the boat leaves, they are much more violent, and it is more than two hours after her departure before they disappear. These waves are entirely unlike anything that can be seen with the naked eye, as their periods show.

As we have space only for one other example of the interest of the matter of this volume, we will pitch almost at haphazard upon chapter xvi., on tidal friction. Since the tide-wave moves with the moon and sun, from east to west, while the earth rotates daily from west to east, it is plain that the friction of the tide against the earth tends to retard the earth's rotation. Now, since it is the action of the moon that mainly makes the tidal wave, and, therefore, thus retards the earth, and since action and reaction are always equal and opposite, it follows that the moon in thus drawing the earth towards the east must itself be drawn towards the west. But that is the direction in which the moon is moving in its revolution round the earth; and thus the motion of the moon in its orbit is accelerated, as the comparison of ancient and modern observations shows it to be. This acceleration of the moon's velocity causes it to fly off a little further from the attracting centre of the earth, and enlarges its orbit, and the complete revolution in this enlarged orbit takes more time than that in the unenlarged orbit; but since the day is also considerably longer, there are fewer days in the month than there were at first. All this is familiar to everybody who has recently read a good treatise on astronomy. But at this point Mr. Darwin starts a most interesting question. Namely, he asks when this process of gradual recession of the moon from the earth could have first begun. Clearly it must have been going on whenever the moon was making tides upon the earth. It must, therefore, be traced back to the time when the moon was so close to the earth as to form one mass with it, when it would, of course, make no tides. But however the moon came

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to be thrown off from the earth, it would be likely to preserve its linear velocity tangential to the earth, while, the circumference in which it moved being larger than the earth, the month from the very start must have been longer than the day, which is sufficient to insure the recession of the moon. M. Poincaré, a mathematician of great genius from Nancy, has shown that one form that a mass of liquid rotating about an axis in equilibrium might have, would be a pear-shape, the axis of the pear being at right angles to the axis of rotation. Now there can be litttle doubt that the protuberance at the stem of the pear would tend to become a bulb and finally to be thrown off from the rest. What would ensue? The tides caused by the earth's attraction in the satellite so formed would tear it to fragments. The fragments near the earth would be just small enough to hold together, those further away would be larger, while the part of the satellite farthest from the earth would form a satellite of such a size as to be distant from the earth about two and a half of its diameters, which would be the moon. The small pieces nearest the earth would probably return to the earth. Those somewhat further away may very likely be there yet; for any appearance of them could be distinguished from the zodiacal light only by more careful observations than any that have yet been made. This theory of the genesis of the moon seems to us, we must confess, not so "wild a speculation" as the author is willing to grant that it is.

The only chapters of the book with which we cannot feel ourselves quite satisfied are those which deal with mathematical arguments. We are here sometimes at a loss to understand what it is that the author is aiming at. He seems to be *explaining* the reasoning of the mathematician. But mathematicians, especially when they are dealing with the most difficult applications of mathematics, have not been inventing abstruse and difficult ways of reasoning; on the contrary, they have been trying with all their might to find the simplest and easiest ways; and they are men of great genius and training in finding out simple methods of reasoning. By far the shortest way to understand the reasoning of the mathematician about the tides is to begin by buying a book on the calculus; and when that is mastered, to go through with the rest of the course required for a thorough understanding of hydrodynamics. Any pretended "explanation" of the reasoning shorter than this either is fallacious, or covers only a small and insufficient piece of the reasoning for even a vague conclusion, or it is open to both criticisms.

The author, in his preface, has this remark:

> "A mathematical argument is, after all, only organized common sense, and it is well that men of science should not always expound their work to the few behind a veil of technical language, but should from time to time explain to a larger public the reasoning which lies behind their mathematical notation."

There is more than one fallacy here. In the first place, the term common sense, the middle term of the first half-expressed syllogism (whose strict conclusion Mr. Darwin would not have found it convenient to state), is ambiguous. Common sense, in the proper acceptation of the term, resides mainly in the subconscious department of the mind. It informs us how things go in this world of ours, and in this world exclusively. It has nothing whatever to say about the pure hypotheses of the mathematician, and therefore has no bearing whatever upon mathematical reasoning. But it appears that in the sentence quoted something quite different is meant, which is called "common sense" only because these words impart that popular tone and that *bonhomie* which the author is endeavoring to assume. What seems to be meant is, that each step of the mathematical argument is perfectly evident to the vulgar equally with the learned, to the mathematically dull as much as to the mathematically bright, *provided he clearly apprehends the premises.* But this proviso contains the whole difficulty. Every mathematical premise contains so many elements, so intricately related, that most minds are unable to apprehend the proposition distinctly. The ability to do so is precisely what makes the mathematical mind. It is impossible to dissect a mathematical reasoning so that the mathematically very dull can apprehend it, because, when the dissection reaches a certain point, the logical relations become different; and the result is a fallacy.

It is not true, then, in any acceptation of the terms, that a mathematical argument is only organized common sense. As for what is said about a "veil of technical language," it involves an egregious begging of the question. The technical language of science is composed of words intended to aid the search after truth by facilitating the work of the mind in dealing with complicated conceptions. If, instead of fulfilling that purpose, it is that Talleyrand dialect which veils the thought, it ought to be altogether spurned, and will be so treated by every real devotee of science. But the "language" which Mr. Darwin has in mind is not speech—it is the language of algebra and the calculus. To the disciple of Lagrange and Laplace, the analytical formula is simply the most perfect possible description of the hypothetical phenomena. It is something into which geometrical representations ought to be translated, being itself as near pure thought as it is in the nature of thought to be. When it comes to such a question as the phase of a forced oscillation, especially of an oscillation in two dimensions (and such is the problem of the tides), the frankest way is to leave the mathematical argument untouched in that utmost simplicity to which generations of the most skilful reasoners have been able to bring it. By all means illustrate any steps of it that you can, by parallels drawn from familiar experience; but do not attempt to "explain" that which, on the contrary, must explain your explanation. Is there one bicyclist in five hundred who thoroughly understands why his wheel behaves as it does? Is there one in fifty who does not imagine that it stands up because of its rectilinear velocity? How utterly visionary, then, it is to attempt to popularize the mathematics of any less familiar and still more intricate subject.

Charles Lamb and the Lloyds: Comprising newly discovered letters of C. Lamb, S. T. Coleridge, the Lloyds, etc. Edited by E. V. Lucas. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1898.

Four years ago, in a mass of correspondence relating to the family of Charles Lloyd, the Quaker banker of Birmingham, were discovered twenty new letters of Charles Lamb, with others by Coleridge, Southey, Anna Seward, and other more or less famous friends of the Lloyds. Portions of these letters have since appeared in periodical literature, but we now for the first time meet them in book form in this pleasing little volume. Mr. Lucas recognizes in his title that the chief interest of the book is due to Charles Lamb. He announces in his preface that his aim is to tell the "story of a notable family"; he has at least succeeded in showing that the dull and estimable Lloyds had notable friends, and throughout his pages these Birmingham Quakers shine with a borrowed light.

The elder Lloyd may be dismissed in a few words. He was a pious and kindly banker, with a taste for the classics, which he would not permit to lie lost and extinct, in prose and business, like Prior's muse. The sixty-four pages that Mr. Lucas devotes to Lloyd's translations of Homer and Horace are of a dulness to threaten lockjaw. They are illumined for us by two critical letters by Anna Seward, the "Swan" of Lichfield, which, as specimens of feminine arrogance and majestic diction, will rank henceforth among the curiosities of literature. The lady, who knew no Greek, weighs critically the rival merits of Pope's and Cowper's translations of Homer, and justifies her preference for Pope by the assertion that "he chose to throw a veil of poetic light over a great number of the original passages, which have the duskiness of low and prosaic language" (p. 197). She goes on to quote the author of 'Sandford and Merton' to the effect that "Pope's Homer was, as *poetry*, very superior to its Original, by exalting all that there is low, animating what is tedious, and equalling in strength as well as beauty almost all the noblest passages of the old Bard" (p. 203). There is much more in the same strain, and it must always be a source of regret that Matthew Arnold did not incorporate a commentary on Anna Seward in his celebrated "Essay on the Art of Translating Homer." To do her justice, she formed a pretty fair estimate of Lloyd's merits as a translator; her comments were too unflattering to be borne, and Lloyd defended his version with energy. In the course of their controversy, having pitilessly dissected his description of a moonlight scene, she adds:

> "I am tempted to the egotism of inserting a moon-light landscape of my *own* from an unfinished Epic Poem, built in wide paraphrases upon Fénelon's 'Telemachus,' which in itself contains few poetic essentials. It forms but the mere *outline* of my attempt, which as yet consists only of 3 books."

One realizes dimly what Scott had to face as the literary executor of this gifted woman. Over Anna Seward and her conviction that Pope "substituted intrinsic gems for the dross of Homer," the imagination loves to linger. But we must turn to Charles Lloyd, the younger, the friend and pupil of Coleridge, and to his brother Robert, since their letters and literary adventures form the *pièce de résistance* of Mr. Lucas's book. They were morbidly serious young men, who seemed frivolous to their home circle because they wore Hessian boots and were irregular in attendance at meeting. Charles Lloyd is well known as one of the earliest and least critical of Coleridge's disciples. He retired with Coleridge, when the latter decided to abandon the restraints of cities and "to take a cottage and half-a-dozen acres of land in an enchanting situation" (p. 36). In 1797 the poems of Coleridge, Lloyd, and Lamb appeared in one luckless volume, and with that date we gladly welcome the entry

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of Charles Lamb, "the frolic and the gentle," the only member of that group who could take life and himself lightly, and refuse to be morbid. His obstinate cheerfulness in the face of tragic misfortunes, his genuine *joie de vivre*, are in trenchant contrast with the lugubrious pessimism and sentimentalism of the younger Lloyds. When they all fell out—we know not why—it was Lamb who refused to be estranged. A letter to Robert Lloyd gives us an enchanting glimpse of that Elia who, in virtue of his peculiar qualities of whimsical humor and pathos, secures a personal affection from his readers which probably only Stevenson has evoked in the same degree:

"You say that 'this world to you seems drain'd of all its sweets!' At first I had hoped you only meant to insinuate the high price of sugar, but I am afraid you meant more. O, Robert, I don't know what you call sweet. Honey and the honeycomb, roses and violets are yet in the earth. The sun and moon yet reign in Heaven, and the lesser lights keep up their pretty twinklings. Meats and drinks, sweet sights and sweet smells, a country walk, spring and autumn, follies and repentance, quarrels and reconcilements, have all a sweetness by turns. . . . You may extract honey from everything; do not go a-gathering after gall. I assure you I find this world a very pretty place."

Lamb's love of London streets is familiar to readers of his published letters; the following is certainly the most effective variation of this theme:

"Let them talk of lakes and mountains and romantic dales—all that fantastic stuff; give me a ramble by night, in the winter nights in London—the Lamps lit—the pavements of the motley Strand crowded with to-and-fro passengers, and the shops all brilliant, and stuffed with obliging customers and obliged tradesmen—give me the old bookstalls of London—a walk in the bright piazzas of Covent Garden. I defy a man to be dull in such places—perfect Mahometan paradises upon earth! I have lent out my heart with usury to such scenes from my childhood up, and have cried with fulness of joy at the multitudinous scenes of life in the crowded streets of ever dear London. . . . A mob of men is better than a flock of sheep, and a crowd of happy faces jostling into the playhouse at the hour of six is a more beautiful spectacle to man than the shepherd driving his 'silly' sheep to fold" (p. 144).

Lloyd's friends were greatly put to it when he sent them his translations for criticism and approval. Lamb showed both tact and candor; and his corrections of the translator's lapses of scholarship and taste were well received. When the word "sentiment" occurred, he wrote: "I would root this word out of a translation of Homer. It came in with Sterne, and was a child he had by Affectation" (p. 240). Lamb's glowing eulogies of Jeremy Taylor's 'Holy Dying' and of the 'Complete Angler'—"Everything is *alive;* the fishes are absolutely *characterred*"—and the fresh glimpses of his private life, run through the book like a gold thread; and as we pursue it we learn to tolerate the Lloyds and their large, sober English families.

From the point of view of the malicious, perhaps the gem of Mr. Lucas's collection is a letter from Wordsworth to the elder Lloyd. It is too much to ask of a poet that he should reduce his principles to the level of his practice. Still, we commend the following to the notice of the superior Wordsworthian. He at least may be assumed to admire the sonnet, "Proud were ye mountains," in which occur the lines:

"Now for your shame, a Power, the Thirst of Gold,
That rules o'er Britain like a baleful star,
Wills that your peace, your beauty, shall be sold,
And clear way made for her triumphal car
Through the beloved retreats your arms enfold!
Weighing the mischief with the promised gain,
Mountains, and Vales, and Floods, I call on you
To share the passion of a just disdain."

Here is the letter of a poet betraying Nature with the heart that loved her:

"My Dear Sir: . . .

"To come to the point at once, I have been led to consider Birmingham as the point from which the railway companies now forming receive their principal impulse, and I feel disposed to risk a sum—not more than £500—in purchasing shares in some promising company. I hope I do not presume too much when I request that you would have the kindness to point out to me what companies are thought the most eligible, etc."

After this we are steeled to learn that Mr. Ruskin is a railway director, and we see the point of J. K. Stephen's parody of Wordsworth entitled "Poetic Lamentation on the Insufficiency of Steam Locomotion in the Lake District":

"Wake, England, wake! 'tis now the hour
To sweep away this black disgrace—
The want of locomotive power
In so enjoyable a place.
Nature has done her part, and why
Is mightier man in his to fail?
I want to hear the porters cry:
'Change here for Ennerdale'!"

Glimpses of Modern German Culture. By Kuno Francke. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1898. 233 pp.

It is refreshing to renew contact with a mind that, having found its standpoint, will not depart from it. Among the puzzling contradictions and startling complications of modern life, such a standpoint is a welcome *point de repère* from which with dignity and at leisure to survey the encompassing turbulence. A standpoint of this kind Professor Francke has found in his theory of the perennial conflict between individualistic and collectivistic forces. It was on these lines that he so admirably traced the history of 'Social Forces in German Literature,' announcing his programme in his title. The present volume is a collection of articles written in a lighter and more intimate vein, dealing with a variety of topics for the most part unrelated, but each revealing the same breadth of view and seriousness of purpose that gave distinction to the larger work. Germany of to-day he calls the "classic land of moral contrasts." By fixing his attention upon this conflict of opposing forces as an essential factor in each problem, he is enabled to get his bearings amid the most confusing manifestations of intellectual activity in modern Germany, and his adherence to a guiding principle gives to this collection a psychological coherence and consistency which enhances the charm of each separate article.

Nine of the fourteen articles here included were originally contributed to the *Nation*, four appeared in the *Bookman*, and the last, on "Bismarck as a National Type," came out in the October *Atlantic*. This study of Bismarck is representative of Prof. Francke's attitude. Prof. Munroe Smith, in his masterly monograph which appeared in an abridged form in the *Nation* at the time of the ex-Chancellor's death, did not neglect to point out the contradictory traits of the Prince's character. Under Prof. Francke's treatment, however, these contradictions find their explanation and reconciliation in this, that they completely represent the moral contrasts which characterize modern Germany. Bismarck is thus the national type. In Hauptmann the same moral conflict is apparent. Certainly it is a far cry from the slums of "Vor Sonnenaufgang" to the fairy realms of the "Versunkene Glocke," and it requires something more than the comparatively brief time-difference between the two plays to account for the moral and artistic chasm which separates them. The poet seems to have been exploring the depths of his own nature, finding now pearls, now pebbles, but in either case irresistibly impelled to give a literary setting to what he found.

But this inner conflict of tendencies is not found in each individual only; it is found in the age itself, which admits besides a Hauptmann and a Sudermann also an Ernst von Wildenbruch. In this particular instance, and from a strictly critical standpoint, the reader will perhaps find it harder to follow Prof. Francke. Is it not the Hohenzollern blood which flows in Wildenbruch's veins, and the favor of a Hohenzollern king upon the Prussian throne and the subsidized Royal Theatre in Berlin, that partly account for the success of Wildenbruch's patriotic plays as much as any spontaneous aspirations of the age that find expression through them? Nevertheless, the fact remains, whatever the cause, that this brilliant portrayer of Brandenburg's past and reviver of what he is himself pleased to call "deutscher Vers" is playing a conspicuous part in the dramatic life of the German capital.

Thus the reader may wander at will through these fascinating pages, questioning this, assenting to that, but always entertained, always in sympathy. The splendid tribute to the genius of Herman Grimm is already familiar to our readers, as is also the delightful characterization of "Alt-Schottland," the work of his wife, Frau Giesela Grimm. This wafts us back to the days when her mother, Bettina von Arnim, was a potent force in the romantic literature of the reactionary years which followed the wars for freedom. And with the essay on Bettina's friend, the unhappy Karoline von Günderode, we are in the twilight haze of Romanticism where blue flowers nod and lovers die for love. It is characteristic of Prof. Francke that he should correlate Fräulein Günderode's death with the battle of Jena, which occurred two months later. That crushing defeat cleared the moral atmosphere; men awoke to nobler obligations, and went to meet death for the rescue of the fatherland, as before they might have done to escape the pangs of disappointed love.

Prof. Francke does not wish these sketches to be taken too seriously. Enough, however, has been said to show that they are pervaded by a large-eyed, sympathetic appreciation of all that is uplifting, of whatever school or tendency; indeed, as we have said, it is in the contrasts of schools and tendencies that he sees the promise of growth, and there is something in his freedom from philological formalism and pedantic pettiness, in his reverence for the idealistic past, his understanding for the materialistic present, and his prophetic faith in the osmotic force which shall blend the two elements, that eminently fits him to be an interpreter to the American people of the works of the reawakened German genius.

The book is tastefully printed and simply bound. A just cause for complaint is the running book-title, which makes the search for a particular article unnecessarily complicated. The book will be a welcome Christmas contribution to all whose intellectual interests extend to the attractive topics which have here been treated.

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Causes and Consequences. By John Jay Chapman. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1898.

Mr. Chapman's cleverness and originality have already attracted attention to him as an essayist. In the present volume he applies an essayist's method to questions connected with government and society. The result is that he has written a book which no one can read without finding in it something instructive and suggestive, but which will probably leave as a whole on the reader's mind a different impression from that which the author avows his intention to produce. There are five essays, on Politics, Society, Education, Democracy, and Government; and Mr. Chapman, in his preface, declares that they are all "little more than presentations from different points of view" of a single idea—that "man is an unselfish animal." As we understand it, what is meant by this is best seen in the essays on Education and on Politics. In the former, which is a development of ideas derived from Froebel, our author says that Froebel's discoveries in education may be formulated as follows: "The child is a growing organism. It is a unity. It develops through creative activity. It is benefited by contact with other children, and is happy in proportion as it is unselfishly employed." Unselfishness and intellectual development (that is, we suppose, of the creative sort) are one and the same thing, and "there is no failure of intellect which cannot be expressed in terms of selfishness, and no selfishness which cannot be expressed as mental shortcoming." "Criminology," he adds, "has reached the same point by another route." The matter "is really very simple, for anything self-regardant means a return of the organism upon itself, a stepping on your own toes, and brings self-consciousness, discomfort, pain. Self-sacrifice, on the other hand, brings fulfilment. The self-sacrifice is always illusory, and the development real."

Mr. Chapman's book, then, is written to show that the best self-development comes thrugh devotion to something outside one's self. Put in this way, the proposition is one with which most persons would be disposed to agree. Most philosophers and moralists have taught the same thing, in some form. The late J. S. Mill, if we remember right, caused some astonishment by announcing it, in the account he gave of his life, as a discovery of his own. No doubt it may be found in Froebel, and Mr. Chapman frankly admits that "the substance of everything Froebel says was known before." Mr. Chapman has, however, invented a new way of saying it. "Man is an unselfish animal." This is in the true essayistic vein. It startles, it is paradoxical, it challenges denial. It calls aloud for explanation, and gives an opportunity for ingenuity just such as Mr. Chapman possesses.

Some people rebel at this way of being taught. Why not say what you have to say in plain English, without paradox? Why use the word selfish in different senses in premises and in conclusion? If you devote yourself to something outside yourself in order to develop yourself, your object is still obviously selfish. To be perfectly unselfish, you must devote yourself to something which actually makes you miserable. So far from being an unselfish animal, man's objects necessarily relate to self in a lower or higher sense. If we "scorn delights and live laborious days," it is because we know of a higher species of satisfaction, mental or moral, which means for us happiness.

To all such critics Mr. Chapman's obvious reply would be that he does not pretend to be a logician or a systematic philosopher, and that life is too short to be for ever occupied in making premises and conclusion tally; and, besides that, when you have made premises and conclusion agree, some people maintain that you have only stated an identical proposition and added nothing to the sum of knowledge. What he wishes to do is to throw light on admitted facts and draw attention to existing problems, and for this purpose paradox and metaphor are the essayist's time-honored weapons.

Mr. Chapman's method is best seen in his first essay, on Politics. He begins with the statement that "misgovernment in the United States is an incident in the history of commerce." He then proceeds to examine the corruption and dishonesty in government, of which so many complaints are made. These political troubles come from the great accumulation of wealth. Capital has obtained control of the Government itself, and commercialism has produced "boss government." The essay is an argument in favor of idealism in politics, and contains a very entertaining analysis of the process by which, under the influence of the commercial spirit, the bosses obtain dominion. It also contains a good many sound and pointed observations. For instance, speaking of those reformers who think to improve politics by imitating the regulars, and getting up the same sort of party machinery, Mr. Chapman says: "They would expel Tammany Hall, and lo, Tammany is within them." "Executive capacity," of which we hear so much, "is simply that capacity which is always found in people who really wanted something done." The intelligent people of America "think they are not affected by the commercialism of the times; but their attitude of mind is precisely that of a lettered class living under a tyranny."

The essays are those of a littérateur turned politician. The author's real merits—his facility of expression, his idealism, his turn for paradox and satire—are all the qualities of the literary man. Of knowledge of or interest in the business of government, or economical questions, or law, he shows little trace. He is an enthusiast for humanity converted by stress of circumstances into a preacher against corruption. There is an echo of Emerson in his philosophy, and even (without imitation) in his style; there is an accent of sincerity in his detestation of wrong and injustice which is unmistakable. His book is a manly appeal to the rising generation, for whom it has a message of courage and hope sadly wanting nowadays.

Hitting vs. Missing, with the Shot-Gun. By S. T. Hammond. Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Manual of the Canvas Canoe. By F. R. Webb. Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

As game and fish become less numerous, treatises on how to kill the one or take the other increase proportionately. Mr. Hammond's little book, however, comes not amiss, for what he has to tell is the outcome of fifty years' experience. In that time he has seen the evolution of the shot-gun from the muzzle-loader to the latest development of the multiple-fire. Mr. Hammond does not write from the standpoint of a maker of shot-guns, but from that of the sportsman whose knowledge of them has come from persistent following of the sports of the field. His acquaintance with the subject is clearly defined in his chapter on the choosing of the gun. He there emphasizes the prime condition of accurate shooting—the fit of the shot-gun to the physical peculiarities of the gunner. Where this requirement is neglected, no normal man can hope to become what is known as a "dead shot." Mr. Hammond exhibits equal common sense in his treatment of other topics connected with the use of the shot-gun. His chapter on ammunition is, however, superfluous, for the perfection to which the commercial loading of cartridges has attained eliminates entirely any personal attention of the sportsman to that matter.

Mr. Webb, in his 'Manual of the Canvas Canoe,' offers to lovers of out-door life a means of more comprehensive enjoyment than Mr. Hammond in these days of scarcity of game. Avoiding the use of involved technical terms, and explaining clearly the simple lines upon which the canvas canoe is constructed, Mr. Webb places it within the power of any one endowed with a minimum of mechanical skill to construct one of these boats. It involves nothing more than the ability to trace the details of the working drawings of the canoe, which are given on a single sheet contained in a pocket attached to the cover of the book. This sheet represents two designs of canvas canoes. Either one may be built at a cost of from $12 to $15, of the dimensions of 14 feet in length, 28 inches beam, 16 inches at bow, and 14 inches at stern. The cockpit is 8 feet long and 20 inches wide, and affords ample sleeping and stowage room. Model No. 2 in the working drawings has 30 inches beam instead of 28 inches. For all the purposes to which a cedar canoe can be applied the canvas canoe can be used, except, perhaps, in water where sharp rocks are encountered, and even then the latter's easy repair counterbalances the superior solidity of the former. As regards the first cost of two boats, the advantage is greatly in favor of the canvas canoe. Mr. Webb's chapter on hints of cookery for canoeists contains the most admirable formulas for the preparation of a few simple aliments that have ever come under our notice.

Social Ideals in English Letters. By Vida D. Scudder. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1898.

Readers of Miss Scudder's book will be a little puzzled to know whether its aim is mainly polemical or expository. If the former, the author's position, while implicitly clear, is discreetly veiled and non-explicit; if the latter, why so much homily and fervor of the faith? Indeed, this division of purpose seems to us the chief structural fault in a work otherwise of undeniable ability. This book is essentially, we take it, a series of lay sermons, seeking in English literature a sequence of documents for the illustration of the growth of the socialistic idea. The method is strictly selective: Langland, More, and Swift supply the material for study in the earlier periods, and these chapters, while limited in scope, contain much excellent interpretation and constitute a series of good popular lectures on the old topics. In the modern period, the treatment is more scattering; but, intermingled with a vast deal of author's comment, there is much suggestive and penetrating generalization as to the social bearing of the writings of Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle, Ruskin, and Matthew

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Arnold. The social ideals of the great Romantic poets are very briefly passed over, while the Victorian poets are dismissed as unworthy of consideration. Full justice is done to the deep sincerity and the breadth of Matthew Arnold's writings on social questions, and the interpretation of Ruskin's views is remarkably sympathetic. The treatment grows more and more didactic as the book goes on, and we cannot but think the latter portion far inferior to the first.

Miss Scudder is a talented victim of "sociology," if not of "socialism." The earnestness of spirit, the sincerity and poise of thought throughout this work are undeniable. It is valuable as literary interpretation when it does not stray into homily; and its unwavering loyalty to the large idea of socialism and of industrial regeneration must render even its homily sympathetic to those who can fully accept its creed. But, like so much of the thinking of the day, cultured and uncultured, it too readily contents itself with the large idea and the sweeping generalization. Fervor and absence of doubt are cheaply purchased at this price. No reader, unless he be captious and apt to be maddened merely by the more or less neutral term "socialism," can fail to agree placidly (or even fervently) with ideas which are so very large and generalizations which are so very general. But what, then, if we others perhaps have found the truth in these matters not so easy to come by, even if conviction of the truth has yet reached us at all? Is there then left for us only

"A smile of wistful incredulity"?

It is for some such reason as this that we consider the literary interpretation of Langland and More and Swift in this book much better than the later polemics. In these later essays we get the impression, not of ripe thinking, but of partisan and one-point-of-view thinking. At least, for all its dignity and admirable fervor of thought, we discover no articulation of thought, no original note. Indeed, the writer's philosophy throughout is too intense and high-strung, as, for example, in the interpretation of the eighteenth-century attitude in social matters, in the section on Swift. The interpretation given by Frederic Harrison in his famous essay is much more reasonable and faithful. Or, again, was the influence of Christianity on the Anglo-Saxons only or chiefly that described at pages 8 and following? The same quality vitiates much of the more purely literary criticism, as that of Thackeray and Dickens for example. But the eye throughout the book is far too earnestly fixed on sociological questions to admit of successful literary criticism.

The style, while somewhat monotonous, is clean-cut, balanced, and terse. There is some rhetoric, and adjectives are occasionally obtrusive, especially "winsome," "fearsome," "wistful," and "lovely."

John Keble's Parishes: A History of Hursley and Otterbourne. By Charlotte M. Yonge. Macmillan. 1898.

Twenty-six years before Keble came to Hursley, a history of the parish had been published by one of its curates, the Rev. John Marsh, so we must not assume that the annals of this quiet spot in Hampshire centre solely about the Tractarian leader and Anglican poet. "The Author of the 'Heir of Redclyffe'" (a phrase familiar on title-pages) has, during her long life, been a resident of Hursley and the neighboring Otterbourne, where her father, William Crawley Yonge, was a great friend both of Sir William Heathcote, the leading personage of the region in Keble's time, and of Keble himself. Her sketch of these adjoining parishes is a further illustration, if one were needed, of the interest which Englishmen take in their local annals. During all the time since John de Raleghe was ordained Vicar of Hursley in the middle of the thirteenth century, no one of striking political importance has been connected with it. The nearest approach to a genuine historic name is made by Richard Cromwell, who married Dorothy Mayor of Hursley, and went forth from this place in 1658 to become his father's inept successor. For the rest, the atmosphere of the parish is that of Stoke Pogis as it is depicted in Gray's "Elegy."

Concerning Keble's private life nothing very new and striking is vouchsafed in this volume, but much is said about him as a builder and restorer of churches. During the thirty years of his incumbency he watched over the erection or reconstruction of three churches: one at Otterbourne, a second at Ampfield, and a third at Hursley. The proceeds of his two principal books, the 'Christian Year' and the 'Lyra Innocentium,' were largely devoted to the joint cause of architecture and religion. Incidentally it is observed that the composition of the children's poems "cheered him when the great sorrow of his life befell him in the secession of John Henry Newman, . . . though he went out alone to a quiet, deserted chalk-pit to open the letter which he knew would bring the final news of the reception of his friend into the Roman Church."

What Miss Yonge styles "the golden days of Horsley" coincide with the joint reign of Sir William Heathcote, representing the secular, and Mr. Keble, representing the spiritual, power. The Baronet, who for many years was Chairman of the Winchester Quarter Sessions and also member for the University of Oxford, maintained the highest traditions of the English country gentleman. The most valuable part of Miss Yonge's parochial history is her sketch of this highly educated and philanthropic landlord. Perhaps the rarest distinction which he ever gained was an appointment to the Privy Council at a time when he was opposed to the Government. "This gave him the greater satisfaction as a testimony to his consistent integrity through his whole parliamentary career, as it came from the Gladstonian ministry, and he had been forced by his deep church-and-state convictions to separate from Mr. Gladstone, the friend and fellow-worker of his younger days."

Without being unpleasantly obtruded, the Establishment is a very conspicuous feature in Miss Yonge's pages. She gives, for instance, a list of the rectors and vicars of Hursley between 1279 and the present date. After John Hardy, who was ejected in 1645, comes the entry, "(Several Puritan Intruders)." Then follows "Robert Maunder, 1660-1673." Not only were Puritans held to be intruders at Hursley in the days of Cromwell, but we imagine that modern Nonconformists would be regarded by our author in the same light. The type of society which she brings before us resembles that dealt with by Trollope in his Barsetshire series, except that here the ecclesiastical tone is more sincere. The life of the parish seems to centre about the church edifice; lecterns, corbels, and fittings for the chancel become important subjects, and ecclesiology is raised to a leading place among the sciences. Those who have come to look upon England merely as a great producer of coal and cotton goods, etc., or as a voracious land-shark, will derive some profit from contemplating rural life in the southern shires.

This volume is beautifully printed and illustrated, and should make an extremely acceptable gift to such persons as take an interest in the pleasant monotony of English country life, and are particularly pleased when the element of Anglicanism is rendered prominent. It contains a glossary of local phrases, besides notes on the natural history of Hursley and Otterbourne.

Beiträge zur Amerikanischen Litteratur- und Kulturgeschichte. Von E. P. Evans. Stuttgart: Cotta; New York: Lemcke & Buechner. 1898.

It is an experience illustrated by many examples that the best literary criticisms are written by those who are able to view their subject from a distance sufficient to give it artistic perspective. This perspective is for the most part one of time; the most just criticisms are those of authors of past generations. For the criticism of contemporary writers, the necessary remoteness is hard to attain, but Prof. Evans is perhaps in a better position than most of us for such a task. His thirty years of uninterrupted residence abroad have removed him in a measure from the heat and turmoil of the day, and have given him a vantage-point from which he can judge the entire field by comparison.

Perhaps no one has done more within the last two decades towards introducing a fair estimate of American literature and culture into Germany, and towards removing many of the ungrounded misconceptions of our civilization, than Prof. Evans. For a number of years he has contributed to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, to the Berlin *Nation*, and to the *Blätter für litterarische Unterhaltung* (Leipzig) a series of articles on subjects connected with the history of American literature and culture, and the best of these have been finally collected and revised, and reappear in the volume now before us. The essays are on a variety of subjects of a literary and social nature, for the most part called forth by the appearance of important books from American publishing-houses. A partial list of the titles of chapters will sufficiently indicate their scope: An American Idealist (Margaret Fuller), Emerson, A Characterization of American Humor, The American Novel, Mormonism, Andrew D. White, Bryce's American Commonwealth, The New South, Patrick Henry and Henry Clay, John Lothrop Motley, American Poets (short characterizations of six of our standard poets). These contributions are, however, in no sense mere book-reviews, but offer a fund of original suggestion and criticism, rendered very attractive by an abundance of allusion and of shrewd humor. Especially sympathetic is the portrait of Margaret Fuller, while the series of essays on Emerson is a valuable contribution to our Emerson literature. From his life-long friendship with Mr. White, our present Minister to Germany, Mr. Evans is peculiarly fitted to do justice to his services both as a friend to higher education in this country and as an advocate of the importance of German culture for America.

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The chapter on Motley presents Bismarck in a genial light as the close friend and *Dutzbruder* of the historian of the Dutch Republic. Bismarck and Motley were roommates at the University of Göttingen, and in all the harassing cares of his political life the great Chancellor repeatedly found time to write boyish, jovial letters, half-English, half-German, to his old university friend, "dear Jack." By its clear and idiomatic German, and the interest its contents possess for American students, this volume recommends itself for use as collateral reading in the German classes of universities and of advanced grades in the high school. It might supplant with profit many of the texts now in use.

Prof. Evans is already well known to the English public by several works on German literature, and by his 'Criminal Prosecution of Animals in the Middle Ages' and 'Evolutional Ethics and Animal Psychology,' both of which have received appreciative reviews in this country, and which are now in process of translation into German. The present volume of *Beiträge* is to be followed by another on the same subject (*Neue Folge*), whose appearance, we hope, will not long be delayed.

Egypt: the Land of the Temple Builders. By Walter Scott Perry, Director of the Department of Fine Arts, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y. Boston: The Prang Educational Co. 1898. Pp. 249.

This volume is made up of two parts, text and illustrations (or, rather, pictures). The text is little better than that which might have been produced by a thousand travellers in the Nile Valley if they set themselves the task, but not nearly as good as a careful perusal of Prof. Steindorff's edition of Baedeker's 'Egypt' might have made it. For the uninitiated it will prove very pleasant reading, but one must not put too much faith in the details of the treatment. The author has made some unfortunate errors which rob the text of its value except in a general way. He appears, for instance, never to have heard of the prehistoric remains discovered by De Morgan and Petrie, and his whole book gives the impression of the methods of the photographer trying to string his pictures on a thread of discourse, rather than the art critic or the observing traveller or student.

His description of the graphic system has all the faults of the old explanations, and is misleading and incomplete, and his statement that the "hieratic" character which resembles an italic *three* might "stand for the word *bird*," is as far as possible from the fact, since it is simply the most common sign for the letter *m*. The author mistakenly ascribes the difficulty of translating a hieroglyphic text to the multiplicity of signs, and he far exceeds the fact when he says that "Egyptian inscriptions may now be translated with great ease and rapidity," for our knowledge of grammatical forms is far too meagre for us to appreciate the difficulties which actually exist. Again, the royal list of Abydos is not a particularly "recent" discovery; and since it consists of a selection from the list of native rulers, it can scarcely be said to give "a correct chronological record of the kings." Osiris, Isis, and Horus are spoken of as "the trinity of Egyptian gods" instead of one trinity out of many, and Isis was not "another name of Mut or Hathor," nor were Mut and Hathor identical, as seems to be implied in the words just quoted. The statement that, "according to the belief of the Egyptians, every individual consisted of three distinct parts," is inaccurate, for the ordinary division was a fourfold one, into *cha*, body, and *ka*, double or "genius," both of which abode in the tomb, and *ba*, soul, and *chu*, intelligence, neither of which remained near or in the mummy. The doctrine of "reincarnation" of the soul in inferior animals was not Egyptian, and the nearest approach to it, transmigration, was not parallel to the doctrine of future punishment, but was regarded as a privilege of those already perfect. The author's statement seems to be based upon the report of Herodotus, and is due to a misunderstanding of the actual fact. It is also a mistake to say that a copy of the 'Book of the Dead' "was buried with every mummy," because this was done only occasionally and in exceptional cases as compared with the total number of mummies; and when it was actually done the copies were not alike in extent, since the Egyptians had no fixed canon and no approach thereto till very late in their history. In speaking of scarabs, the author omits to state that they were made of paste or pottery as well as "stone, gold, ivory, and wood"; in fact, the bulk of those preserved in the museums of the world are of pottery or stone, while those in other materials are exceptionally few. Finally, it is a mistake to call a temple-pylon a "watch-tower," whereas it was merely an enormous gateway or principal entrance, intended to be impressive in proportion to its height.

These matters have been rehearsed by way of indication of the author's inexact method of presentation, and by way of justification of the statement that the book consists of two parts, text and pictures. The latter are illustrations only in small degree, as they are not even referred to in most cases. But they form the valuable portion of the book. There are one hundred and twenty-seven half-tones, beautifully executed, artistic and clear. It is in this field that the author has done himself credit, and afforded pleasure to those who love fine work of this sort for its own sake or for the sake of the subject. One might wish that all the pages had been similarly occupied. The range of subjects is wide, scenery being represented as well as temples, pyramids, and ruins. The localities depicted range from the harbor at Alexandria to the first cataract at Philæ. Some of the scenes are novel, and all are so well done as to be a constant and permanent pleasure to the eye. To the full extent of the total number of pictures, the author deserves the heartiest of acknowledgments.

Progress in Women's Education in the British Empire, being the report of the Education Section, Victorian Era Exhibition, 1897. Edited by the Countess of Warwick. Longmans, Green & Co. 1898.

The reader who should dismiss this book as futile because most of what it has to say of women is outside the field of education, and most of what it has to say of education has no specific relation to women, would be seeking a quarrel with the modern spirit of the "congress," which is genial rather than relevant. Apparently no effort was made by the Education Section to give a complete historical account of the remarkable advance made in England during the present reign in the education of girls and women, or even a systematic statement of the present aspect of the matter. But the fact that the first section of the report, dealing with the education of children, and the third section, dealing with education in India and the colonies and university extension, consist of addresses which mostly state explicitly that the subject admits of no discrimination between the sexes, is in itself evidence useful to the historian.

In defiance of the title, more than a third of the volume is included under the heading "Some Professions Open to Women," and here, among a good many addresses which might have been composed by "Marcella," are a few interesting and well-written accounts of personal experience, notably Mrs. Garrett Anderson's paper on women in medicine, and Miss Nancy Bailey's on their prowess in the profession of indexing. This section is, however, like the other two, deficient in system, and throws no light whatever on the scientific aspect of one of the most remarkable economic and sociological phenomena of the past half-century. On the whole, the volume is in the main a mass of friendly and rather simple-minded gossip on the woman question, such as is evolved when good society congratulates modest merit over the mollifying tea-cup.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

American Annual of Photography. Scovill & Adams Co. 75c.
Astrup, Eivind. With Peary near the Pole. London: C. A. Pearson; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50.
Belinda—and Some Others. Appletons. $1.
Bowser, Prof. E. A. A Treatise on Roofs and Bridges. D. Van Nostrand Co.
Breen, M. Mayotte. Paris: Colin & Cie.
Bronson, Prof. W. C. The Poems of William Collins. [Athenæum Press Series.] Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.
Burrows, Capt. Guy. The Land of the Pigmies. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $3.
Chandler, W. H. Chandler's Encyclopedia. 3 vols. New York: P. F. Collier.
Clegg, James. International Directory of Booksellers and Bibliophile's Manual. Rochdale, Eng.; Aldine Press; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.
Clemens, W. M. The Depew Story Book. F. T. Neely.
Cooper, J. F. The Last of the Mohicans. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Dick, H. B. Games of Patience; or, Solitaire with Cards. Dick & Fitzgerald. $1.
Dickens, Charles. The Uncommercial Traveller. [Gadshill Edition.] London: Chapman & Hall; New York: Scribners. $1.50.
Dumont, Arsène. Natalité et Démocratie. Paris: Schleicher Frères.
Ellis, Prof. R. Vellei Paterculi ad M. Vinicium Libri Duo. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.
Emerson, Prof. O. F. Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Edward Gibbon. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.20.
Garland, A. H. Experience in the Supreme Court of the United States. Washington: John Byrne & Co.
Hale, E. E. Historic Boston. Appletons.
Hay, Miss Helen. Some Verses. Chicago: A. S. Stone & Co.
Lloyd, Dr. Wallace. Houses of Glass. G. W. Dillingham Co. $1.50.
Lockert, Louis. Petroleum Motor-Cars. D. Van Nostrand Co.
Marr, Kate T. Bound by the Law. G. W. Dillingham Co. $1.50.
O'Brien, B. Life of Charles Stewart Parnell. Harpers. $2.50.
O'Hara, J. M. At Erato's Fane. Chicago: Mayer & Miller.
Paine, Thomas. The Age of Reason. New York: Truth Seeker Co.
Palmer, W. Hazell's Annual. 1899. London: Hazell, Watson & Viney.
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